DECEMBER 2 — 8, 1978

Eve's Weekly

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HE POLICE
ND
AMEEZA BEE:
Shocking
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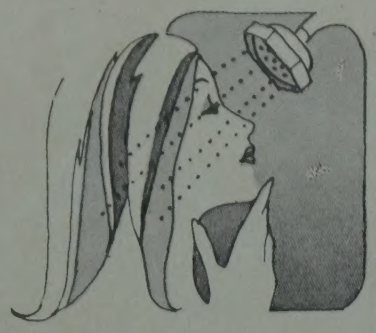
GHTING
ATER-BORNE
SEASES

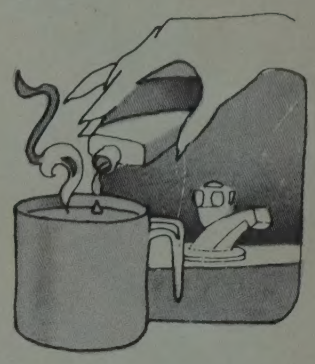
REAT
AIRSTYLES—
RY THEM!

Must you suffer chapped skin and cracked lips every winter? Protect yourself these four ways!



1 All those hot, steamy baths you have every winter morning don't help a bit. You end up losing vital moisture and your skin becomes scaly and dry. Bathe in tepid water if you can't stand the thought of cold baths.

2 If you don't have the time to oil yourself, try this quick, simple alternative. After your bath, put in a few drops of olive oil—even coconut oil will do—into a mug of warm water and splash it all over your body. Then just pat yourself dry with a towel.



3 Those winter winds raise a lot of dust. And dirt and cracked ski are a dangerous combination. A good home remedy is a 'maida' and milk paste rubbed into the skin. Just see the dirt come out and your skin glow.

4 Boroline is a must in winter as a skin conditioner.

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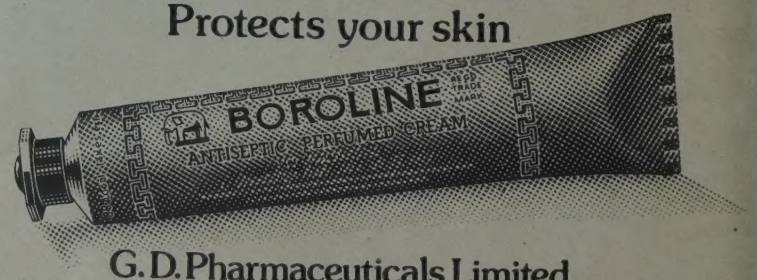

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ZARINE HARI

"Life as a boarder is very exciting and adventurous," says our cover girl Zarine Hari who is doing her final year at Barnes School, Deolali. Zarine intends to do a course in journalism after graduation.

Zarine takes part in all outdoor games, including badminton, basketball, table tennis, swimming, and is also interested in reading, singing, dancing and music which she does in her leisure hours. She also writes poetry.

She is too young to think of marriage. Her ambition is to be a professional model and to join an airline and travel all over the world.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

VOL. XXXII NO. 48 BOMBAY

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this week

THE POLICE AND RAMEEZA BEE

The Muktadar Commission, which inquired into the Rameeza Bee affair, recently submitted its report, which totally rejects the police version of the incident. Further, it recommends drastic action to be taken by the government to ensure the personal safety of suspect women, whose treatment by the police is at the moment most pitiable, according to the Commission's findings.

Page 8.

PERSONAL ENCOUNTER WITH A WITCHDOCTOR

Witchdoctors — or their equivalents — are not unheard of in India, but it is not often that one comes across a personal encounter with one. The writer actually witnessed a Zambian witchdoctor in action.

Page 11.

MADAME CAMA: FIERY REVOLUTIONARY

A revolutionary at a time when others were content with being moderates. Madame Cama and the story of her life and struggle could serve as an inspiration even today.

Page 37.

HAIRDOS TO TRY OUT

A colour feature to tempt you to try new experiments with your hair.

Page 18.

ATTACK BY WATER

Bombay has played host to jaundice for more than a year now and seems now to be entertaining typhoid and polio as well. The floods in the North, East and, recently, the South have ensured epidemics in those areas. What is the nature of waterborne diseases? And what can you do to minimise chances of you or your family contracting them?

Page 15.

ALSO

Profile: Zakia Khatib, working with Muslim women — **Page 25** Film Interview: Shatrughan Sinha, less boom, more confidence — **Page 39** "A Passionate Winter": Part IV of the Mills & Boon serialisation — **Page 41.**

REGULAR FEATURES

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1st prize

ADOPT THEM!

Time and again we read heart-rending reports in the newspapers about throwing away new-born babies. In most cases the abandoning occurs because of economic conditions or guilt associated with an illicit relationship which has led to the pregnancy. An individual cannot do very much beyond a certain limit to alleviate the problems of economic hardships — that is the business of the government. However, regarding the guilt part, there is a lot that can be done to change our society's medieval attitudes towards such relationships.

During my five years' stay in the West, I had come across a lot of white couples — both childless as well as those with their own children — who have adopted babies of all colours legally, through adoption agencies and to the best of my knowledge they are being looked afer very well. It is a bogey that is often raised in our country about the 'misdeeds' the white parents might do to our children by adopting and bringing them up in the West. I feel this fear is totally baseless and westerners are far more sincere in such matters than we are or will ever be.

Instead of blaming the whites why can't the affluent and the not-so-affluent of our society put aside their egoism and prejudices and adopt our own unfortunate children? In these days of family planning and population control, the motto in our country should be 'Have one, Adopt one' so that no baby is abandoned or rendered homeless.

Lalita Kota, Haryana

There is a strange resistance to adoption, in our country — where we really need to adopt. It's not fair to criticise the adoptive parents from the West — at least they are humane enough to adopt just babies and not "possessions" as we do. Even those few who adopt, in our country, do so with an eye to colour, caste, religion, perfect health and a host of other demands which really take the love out of adoption.

2nd prize

AFRAID TO ADVANCE

Today we hear a lot about Womanpower and women as a working force. We have women astronauts, architects entrepreneurs, pilots, fire-fighters, locomotive engineers, The tables have been turned. No longer does one snigger at the mention of postwomen, female miners or other such job titles.

Nevertheless, we women are afraid that we will not be desirable to men if we take our jobs too seriously or if we are too successful. Why this feminine mystique? Even in the most advanced nations. women have to face the choice: to get married or work and stay single. In most cases women display weakness and feel happy to go under male chauvinism. The 'worse-halves' win hands down. All said and done it seems we women cannot get rid of famininity. No amount of 'judo' can help us and we shall be always labelled the 'weaker-sex'. It is an extremely sad fact. Will there ever be a world with equol halves?

Kushal Lata Kumar, Lucknow.

First of all, we do not believe that working women have to stay single. Future generations of women will certainly achieve the ranks of the "equal halves" you talk of. If the woman is still hesitant about becoming too successful, it is because she is still intimidated by — and dependant upon — male attitudes.

3rd prize

THE TYRANT

It is not really women who need to be liberated. It's the married man who is in trouble and needs help, for what freedom does he enjoy?

It's the wife's permission he has to take to stay out a little bit late; she decides what the children should wear; she chooses the gifts for occasions. The pleasure of planning visits and selecting friends is hers. Hers is the privilege of choosing the interior decoration of the flat. It is she who decides upon the place and time for a holiday. The employment of servants is her business; the right of housing her relatives (not his) cannot be questioned. Even, sometimes, the "out-of-pocket" expenses he should have is at her estimate. What suits her should suit him.

After all she holds the Home portfolio and none can question her. What is left, then, and why this cry for Women's Lib? He is to be rescued but who can dare to do it? He might be a brave man outside but if there is any one he is afraid of — he is afraid of his wife.

I. D'Souza, Bombay.

This is exactly how men talk: we are all slaves. What more do the women want? However, the true picture tends to get fogged up. The male is no nincompoop — he knows very well that keeping "wifey" happy with a little "power" in small matters will enable him to wield the whip and establish his supremacy in areas where his authority may not be questioned.

THE ONLY SOLUTION

Unemployment is rampant everywhere. Even educated women find it difficult to secure suitable jobs. The ones that are lucky enough to get jobs are the domestic servants, who are in great demand. They can jump from one household to another in search of greener pastures, at 24 hours' notice . Working mothers need domestic help and are forced to hire maids without even knowing their identity and past.

The suggestion that the past history of the servant one is about to engage should be gone into, that they should be taken to the Police Station to check if they are of doubtful character, etc. is but an impractical solution. Which servant would accompany you to the Police station? Even the honest and sincere ones will recoil at the very mention of the police; they even resist if you make discreet enquiries about their past employment. Instead, I wish the Government would help in establishing Centres/subsidised Creches so that working mothers could entrust their children in their care till they return. This would certainly help the unemployed women as well, who could run these creches. The private creches that exist today in the city of Bombay are beyond the reach of middle-class families.

I. Fernandes, Bombay.

We have no doubt that this will happen as it has done in the West. We can no longer depend on servants or elderly relatives. The creche — well-run and within reach (geographically as well as monetarily) — is really the best solution.

READER'S VOICE

GANDHINAGAR

Shivanand Karkal's article. "A Visit to Gandhinagar" (Oct. 14), was very interesting and informative. I wish you would publish more articles on communicable diseases like leprosy, V.D. and T.B. because ours is a country where such diseases are spreading like wildfire.

Today, there are nearly five million lepers in India. Many of them move about in public places and one is not sure whether they are cured or still capable of infecting others. One sees lepers selling sweets and cool drinks in front of schools, cinema theatres, parks etc. and one can't be sure if their disease is still at the infectious stage. Last year we heard the story of two patients having become lepers after they were given transfusions of blood. Obviously, blood from lepers was transfused.

If the concerned health authorities fail to treat leprosy as a national problem, more and more people will fall victims to this dangerous disease and lepers will continue to be treated as outcastes by people who are frightened of infection and misinformed about the disease. (Anthony Parakal, Bombay)

WOMEN ABROAD

The articles on Indian women settled in different parts of the world (Nov. 18) were interesting. I understand the sentiments of the young girls who said they were brought up strictly by their parents because, according to the latter, Indian society is very rigid about boy-girl mixing. Many people think girls brought up abroad are 'fast' and 'swinging'. In fact, they are submitted to far stricter restrictions because parents who have lived abroad for many years have an exaggerated idea about how conservative Indian society is — they haven't kept up with the changes in what is acceptable in India and what is not. When I came back after ten years abroad to go to college in India, I was amazed at how common dating (even if on the sly) was in even a conservative city like Madras! (Anita Jacob, Calcutta)

HOW SAFE ARE WOMEN IN POLICE CUSTODY?

The Muktadar Commission, appointed by the A.P. Government, exposes what women have to undergo in police stations and the way the police, in close cooperation with the bureaucracy, function

Anuradha Ghandy

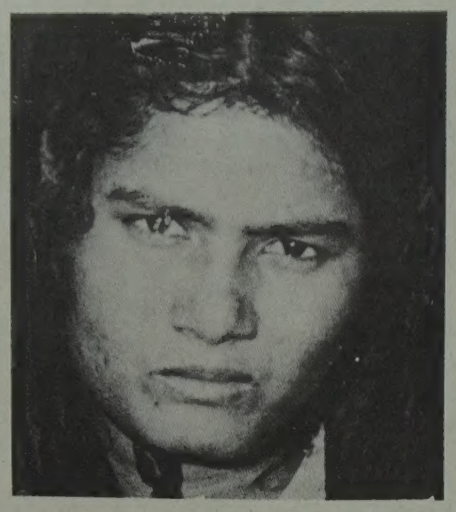
Nagammal, a forty-year-old village woman in Tamil Nadu, suspected of having stolen some brass vessels worth Rs. 60, was dragged to the police station, subjected to physical and mental torture, certified as a paranoid schizophrenic with violent tendencies and confined to a mental ward. Her frail husband was tortured and her married teenage daughter detained and raped. All this happened during the Emergency.

That many such incidents of inhuman police brutality took place during the Emergency is well known but is now being forgotten. But there is little justification to forget such incidents; they are not yet stories of the distant past.

Hasina, the beautiful twenty-four-year-old dacoit in the Chambal Valley, was shot dead in cold blood though she had surrendered without a fight. Her lover and another companion were also shot dead. But this was not all. The police of Teekumgarh town (in Madhya Pradesh near the U.P. border), had stripped her (she was six months pregnant), and paraded her on top of a truck! All this as recently as May 27, 1978.

These may seem like examples of extreme and rare sadism by the police. But this is not so. That men are tortured by the police as soon as they step into the police station as suspects or some times even as witnesses is an accepted fact among lawyers, judges, politicians and the poor. But that similar treatment is meted out to women also is not so well known, especially among educated women from economically secure backgrounds.

A detailed exposure of what women have to undergo in police stations and the way the police, in close co-operation with government officials, function was recently made before the State Legislature in Andhra Pradesh. These findings should open the eyes of any sensitive person. Not surprisingly, the report has received very little publicity.



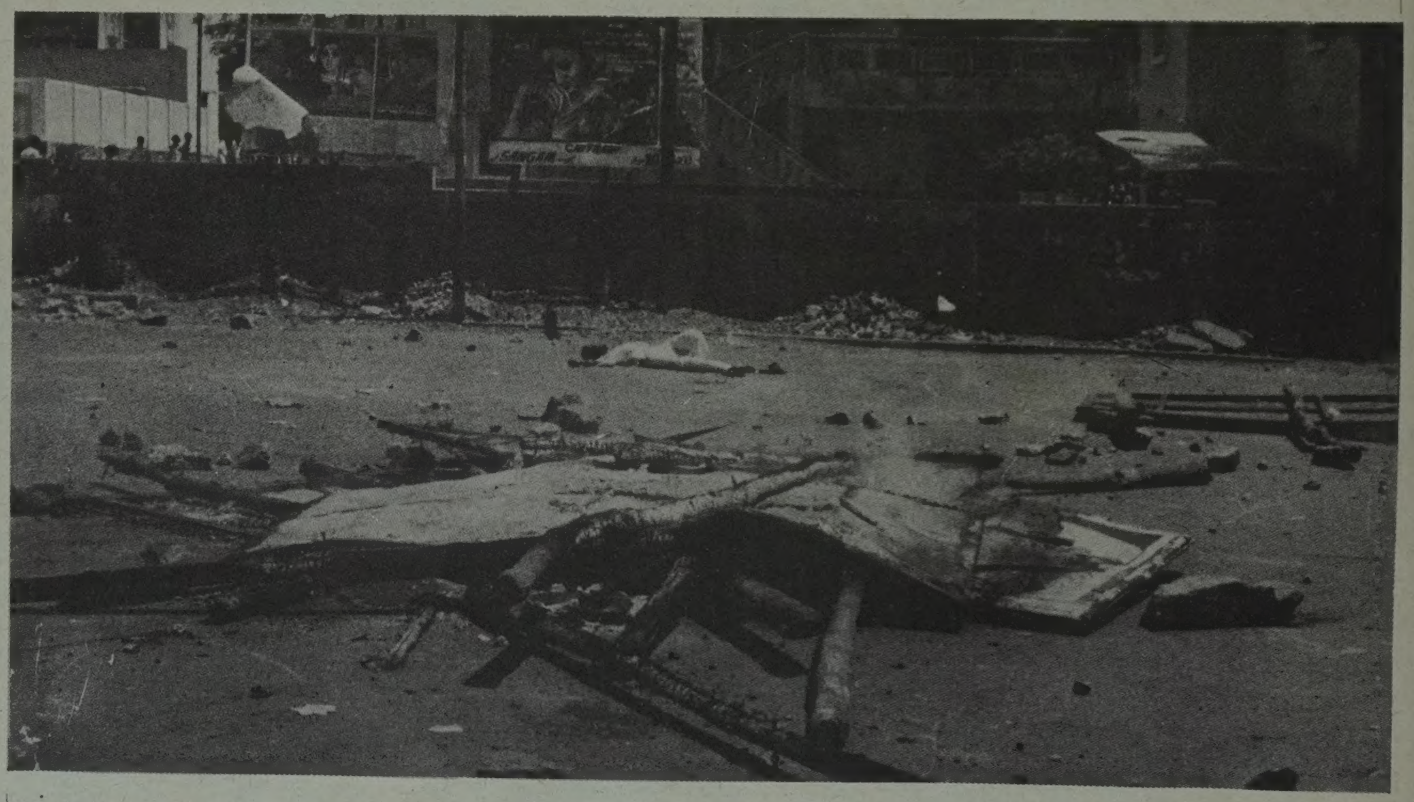
Rameeza Bee who was picked up by the police for no reason, and tortured and raped while in custody. Her husband was beaten to death.

The Muktadar Commission was appointed by the State government to inquire into the charges of rape and beating of Rameeza Bee and the beating to death of her husband on 27th and 30th of March, 1978, at the Nallakunta police station. The Commission was set up following riots in many towns and cities.

Soon after the riots broke out the police and the government claimed that the riots were instigated by political parties and were communal in nature. Further, they claimed that Rameeza Bee was a prostitute. She had not been raped, and her husband, according to the police post-mortem certificate, had died of "coronary thrombosis precipitated by emotional upset and injuries". Rameeza Bee had only been motivated by local politicians to claim that he had died due to beating at the police station. Public pressure forced the government to appoint the Commission.

The Muktadar Commission has been able to expose the official version as being false. According to the evidence it has collected, Rameeza Bee was picked up by the police on the night of March 29 when she was waiting in a cycle rickshaw while her husband had gone to relieve himself. They were returning home after a night show of a Telugu film.

The Commission has evidence to show that Rameeza Bee was in fact raped by three policemen, including a sub-inspector. The Commission has named the three men. The next morning her husband, Ahmed Hussain, and one Imam Saheb, (with whom the



ABOVE: Riots broke out in several towns and cities as news of Rameeza's maltreatment spread.

RIGHT: Glorious trophies? Dacoit Hasina and two of her comrades. Hasina, six months pregnant, was paraded naked atop a truck after she had surrendered, and then shot dead by the police.

couple lived) were brought to the police station. She told her husband that she had been raped. Enraged, he abused the police. At this they set upon him and beat him up severely. They were all released in the afternoon, but her husband was unable to walk. By 4 p.m. he was dead.

Report altered

Neighbours and passersby who heard what had happened helped Rameeza Bee to take the body to the police station to demand justice. When they did not get a response, the people got angry and attacked the police station. As the news spread, spontaneous riots against the police broke out not only in Hyderabad but also in other towns and cities.

The police tried to prove that Rameeza Bee was a prostitute to destroy her creditability. In May they even arrested her on the same charge. They brought prostitutes before the Commission who said that Rameeza went to various police stations for "prostitution work". This only revealed to the Commission "what takes place in police stations in our city". They obviously operate as contact points for customers. The prostitutes Ghousia and Razia told the Commission that they paid Rs. 10 to the police station whenever they got a customer!

But even filthier aspects of the whole incident came to light. Not only the police, but the Chief Minister and Home Minister also publicly proclaimed that the protests were politically motivated. Yet on March 30, the Commissioner of Police wrote to the Chief Secretary of the government that, "discreet inquiries regarding any possible motivation by the political parties behind the violence revealed that nobody instigated Rameeza Bee and others to take the dead body to the police station." The Muktadar Commission was forced to admit that even the Chief Minister took part in the conspiracy to cover up the murder committed by the police.

More shocking is the evidence that the post-mortem report on Ahmed Hussain and the examination report of Rameeza Bee were tampered with. The DIG of police and the State Home Minister met the Professor of Forensic Medicine, Dr. Khandilkar before he went to conduct the post-mortem on March 30. In the hospital he was surrounded by police officers. The post-mortem notes differ from the certificate. Serious injuries caused to the kidney due to beating were glossed over. Even Rameeza Bee's examination notes dictated to Dr. Lima by Dr. Khandilkar were altered to weaken the medical evidence regarding rape. As the Commission stated, "It is regrettable that the Professor of Forensic Medicine should stoop down and play with the destinies of Indian citizens and turn criminals into innocent persons and innocent persons into criminals simply to satisfy the whims and fancies of the police authorities!"

Bureaucratic cover

In conclusion, the Commission said, ". . .this inquiry has brought to light the pitiable condition of suspect women, particularly of the poor classes, at the hands of the police, in the police station(s). The discussions hereinabove would show the manner in which suspect women are treated by people in position and authority regardless of their physical torture and mental agony."

These facts have been revealed because Rameeza Bee had the courage to demand justice and she got massive, active support. But thousands of such incidents take place every year. They never get reported, and even if they do, nobody bothers.

The maxim of the police is: "Torture, but do not kill". Even if they cross their limits in their over-enthusiasm there are always others to cover up the tracks for them. From the Ministers downwards, bureaucrats are eager to hide the illegal deeds of the "law enforcers".

Therefore, it is not surprising that at the recent Chief Ministers' Conference a strong plea was made to stop all criticism of the police. Criticism had demoralised the police and prevented them from acting effectively. They pleaded that more powers be given to the police to curb the "growing lawlessness"!

For the public, however, what is necessary is more frank exposures. The Muktadar Commission has exposed only the tip of the iceberg.

INSTANCES OF POLICE BRUTALITY

According to a government statement in the Madhya Pradesh Assembly during 1973-74, policemen were involved in 15 cases of rape. Prosecution proceedings were launched in only 11 cases.

Most of the victims were adivasis or those belonging to the scheduled castes. A harijan girl of Raipur alleged that she was illegally detained for four days in Arang police station and raped by two head constables. Dewla, just 18, was in an advanced state of pregnancy. She said that four constables came to her house on August 11, 1977, and inquired about her husband, who they said was wanted in connection with a theft case. On being told that he had gone to a nearby village for farming, she was taken to a police station and detained and raped.

Another harijan woman of Bhind district alleged that she was taken to the Bharoli police station for interrogation in a case and raped there by the station-in-charge (a Thakur) and two constables. The husband of the victim made a complaint to the SP who inquired into the incident but the charge could not be substantiated as "no witnesses was prepared to testify."

On May 3, 1974, members of The All Bengal Women's Association were arrested in Calcutta in connection with the anti-price rise demonstration led by nine political parties. They were lodged in the Presidency Jail and detained close to the cell where a few women 'Naxalites' were also kept. Based on their on-the-spot observations, the Association published a report.

After the arrest and usual police interrogation, the 'Naxalite' prisoners, all of them under-trials, were detained in the jail. One month after their detention, most of these women were taken to Lal Bazar (headquarters of the Calcutta police). There they were taken to an underground cell for interrogation. And, if their answers failed to satisfy the police, the latter resorted to more direct means.

"These girls were stripped naked and made to lie on a table. Then they (the police) would begin by burning them with cigarettes — on the neck, breasts, stomach and other areas, private parts not excluded — accompanied by every conceivable humiliation. After this, if any of the girls refused to speak, an iron ruler would be inserted into her rectum. (As a result of repeated torture, the rectum and vagina of some of those victims have been joined.) After this, the unconscious bodies of these girls were brought back to jail. After 20 or 22 days, when they had recovered, the girls would be once again taken to Lal Bazar and subjected to the same treatment."

Tanusree Dey gave birth to a child in the jail. Both (the child and the mother) were kept in jail. After a month, the baby developed green diarrhoea and had to be hospitalised. Since under the jail regulations Naxalite prisoners can only go to the hospital with an escort and none was available, the child was taken away alone. Tanusree had to wait for seven agonising days before the child returned. But the child had to be hospitalised again for 15 days. The child only barely survived.

In another instance, Mrs. Shanti Bannerjee was so badly treated that she aborted the child she was carrying.

This is what Charan Singh, ex-Home Minister, and hence in charge of the police, said of them: "The police as an organised institution in this country came into existence with the enactment of the (Indian) Police Act, 1861. This Act provides till this day the basic structural and organisational framework within which the police work. Since in their policies and programmes, the British were guided largely by their aim of consolidating and perpetuating the colonial rule in this country, they took care to ensure that all the administrative institutions, including the police were established and developed along the lines which help them in the direction. The police were no doubt called upon to perform a role in the manner which was at once protective, detective and repressive. In performing this role, the police naturally came to be projected as the 'strong arm' of the government, an agency designed to intimidate, deter and publish. The concept of the policeman being a friend, philosopher and guide of the people hardly ever found a suitable expression in practice. It is unfortunate that this 'strong arm' image of the police has continued to persist and the gulf between the police and the public has remained unbridged even after thirty years of Independence. Some believe and rightly so that the gulf has become wider especially after numerous incidents of misuse of authority."

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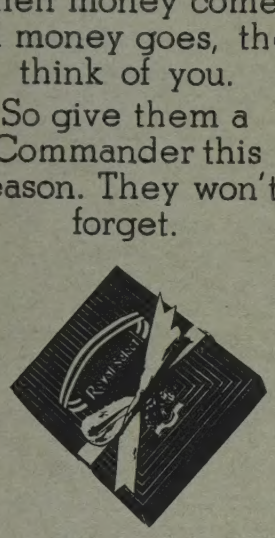

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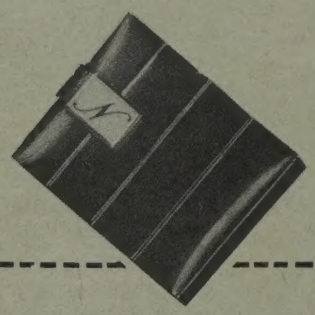

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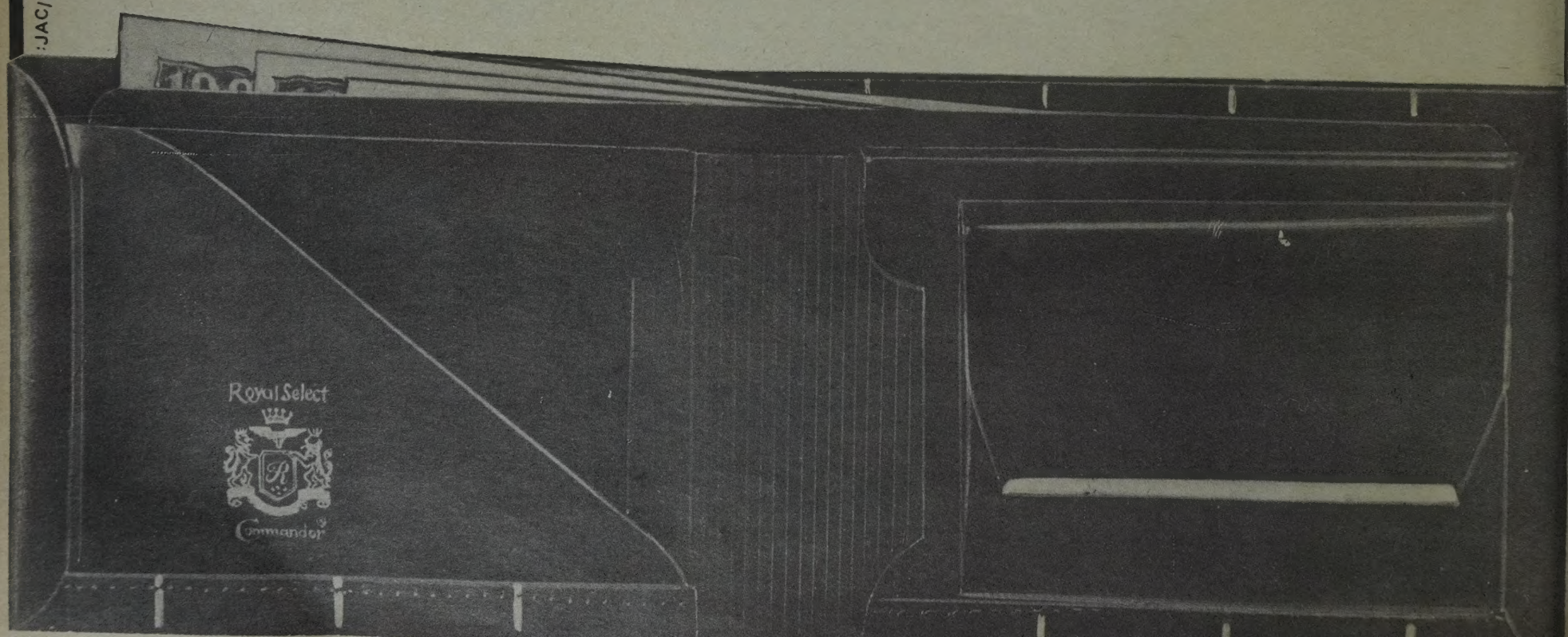

A TRUE STORY

The witchdoctor grabbed Alexis by the hair, howled like a wild beast and sank his teeth into the neck swelling. He sucked the gushing blood and spat it out into the pot

ALEXIS AND THE WITCHDOCTOR

K. V. Sreenivasan

My first encounter with Alexis Musa was when I opened my door to a young African man, dressed in tattered denim jeans and a faded kitanga, with the words "Please, Work" on his lips and a pleading look in his eyes. Having been unsuccessful in my attempts to find a houseboy since I landed in Lusaka, Zambia, I hired him immediately. He proved to be an honest, hardworking and reliable person. He lived with his wife Violet and son Stephen in the little room adjoining the kitchen, kept house for me, and many a lonely evening, we spent watching television together.

One morning, I noticed a dirty white handkerchief tied around Alexis's thumb. He told me he had cut himself while working in the garden. I gave him some band-aid from my medicine chest and promptly forgot about it. Three days later, as I was leaving for work, a strange spectacle met my eyes. Alexis lay sprawled in the middle of the lawn, his ebony back exposed to the sun. For a moment I thought he was either dead or mad. "Alexis," I called apprehensively.

"Yes," he replied, stirring slightly. I hastened towards him, and to my surprise saw a large red swelling on one side of his back. His injured thumb was grotesquely swollen and covered with crusts of dried mud which he insisted was the most efficacious treatment for wounds. He also solemnly told me that the sun would cure him if he lay there and prayed hard enough.

Scolding him for his superstitiousness, I helped him up and handed him over to Violet with strict instructions to keep him in bed, and a promise to return home early.

All day at work the thought of the swollen thumb nagged me. I wished I had taken him to the hospital immediately. By three o'clock I couldn't stand the anxiety; I wound up work and left for home.

The house was silent. I walked into the living room to find Alexis lying on the carpet, his head cradled in Violet's lap; little Stephen crouched beside him, whimpering softly. Alexis' eyes were bloodshot and unnaturally bright, his breathing was painful and noisy. He had a high temperature and the swelling on his back had grown larger.

"Bwana, Bwana, help me, I'm dying," he gasped, trying to raise himself from the ground. I held his burning hand a moment and said I would take him to the hospital at once. At this he began to writhe on the floor, shaking his head violently. "No, no," he groaned, "take me to witchdoctor." I had heard many horrifying tales from Alexis himself about witchdoctors, so I tried to argue with him, even threatened to leave him to die if he did not go to the hospital.

"Bad men put spell on me," he shrieked. "My enemies take hair from my head and make spell on me. They want to steal my wife and wish me to die. Witchdoctor Choma removes spell. Take me to him." He was adamant. I finally gave in and with Violet's help hauled him into the car.

The witchdoctor lived on the outskirts of Lusaka, way out in the African bush. This meant travelling a good part of the way on a dirt road at a crawling pace, for every jerk renewed Alexis' agony. He lay in the back seat moaning and praying, while Violet sat in front and guided me. The road was deserted except for scattered African huts from which tribal women and children stared inquisitively at us.

As I drove I wondered what I had let myself in for. The silence in the bush was eerie. As night approached we came upon a tumbledown kraal (hut). A small fire burnt in front of it and an old African woman sat by it stirring a pot. The air was oppressive and the pungent odour of some strange brew wafted towards me. I stepped out and was helping Alexis out from the car when I heard a creaking sound. In the doorway of the kraal stood the wierdest figure I have ever seen.

The witchdoctor was gigantic. He was swathed in crimson robes, on which snakes and scorpions formed a motley pattern. Out of deep cavernous sockets gazed a pair of watchful cunning eyes, and the thick-lipped twisted mouth grinned leeringly, exposing a set of chipped black teeth. His hair sprang from his head in the form of numerous intricat plaits and the beads around his neck clinked ominously as he approached us.

"Aha," he cried, beckoning to us with a gnarled hand. "Welcome. Welcome to Chema Kuma-Osei." So saying, he grabbed Alexis by the arm, made him sit before the fire and examined the swelling. The two engaged in a whispered consultation after

THE AFRICAN WITCHDOCTOR

Civilisation regards withchcraft as a lot of mumbo-jumbo. But in traditional Africa the belief in witchcraft still runs strong and powerful. Though most tribes believe in the existence of a supreme Creator, there reigns below Him a large hierarchy of tribal gods spirits, both good and evil. The evil supernatural powers were usually the monopoly of witches and sorcerers who played havoc with the lives of the primitive African. In order to protect the people from this feared and respected breed, there appeared a group of specialists who harnessed all the supernatural forces by means of spells and prayers, and herein lies the origin of the witchdoctor.

The witchdoctor still plays an important role in the African tribal community. He functions as astrologer, occultist, trance-medium and healer of diseases of the body and mind. Through his knowledge of medicinal herbs, he is often able to cure common ailments, but in more complicated cases is a prickly thorn in the side of the modern medicine man, mostly because of his antiquated methods and aseptic techniques. Some of the common ingredients of his pharma opoeia are, besides herbs, roots and berries, human and animal foetus, lion dung, powdered bone and crocodile teeth.

In Africa there is a belief that personal articles like nail-pairings, hair, spittle and urine can be used to weave spells around a victim. To this day some African tribal women secretly bury the placenta after childbirth, lest it fall into the hands of an enemy who may use it to fashion a spell against the newborn baby. The witchdoctor is well-versed with these beliefs. Using a host of charms, rituals, prayers, amulets and talismans, he comforts and reassures his people in times of distress.

By invisible manipulations in the "spiritual universe" he is able to command and countervail evil forces. Also through his intimate knowledge of the lives of the people in his community and of human nature in general, it is not unusual for him to function as a sort of prescientific psychologist

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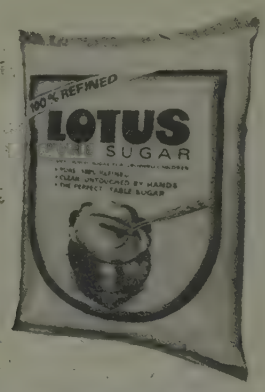

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ALEXIS AND THE WITCHDOCTOR

which Alexis shouted, "Bwana, the witchdoctor Choma will cure me for thirty Kwacha (Rs. 300)." I had half a mind to haggle, but anxious to be done with this odious fellow as soon as possible, I nodded agreement.

The witchdoctor disappeared into the kraal, returning a moment later with an earthenware pot and a wooden stick shaped like a snake, while the old woman squatted outside the kraal with a small drum. I felt my pulse quicken as she started beating the drum, and the witchdoctor set up a low chant. Alexis started swaying from side to side as if hypnotised, as the witchdoctor began to circle him. He waved his stick like a magic wand in one hand, and in the other carried the earthenware pot.

The drum beat quickened; the air became charged with mist and smoke; the fire glowed brighter and the chant now became a frenzied shrieking. The witchdoctor danced round Alexis all the while. All of a sudden he flung away the stick, grabbed Alexis by the hair and howled like a wild beast and sank his teeth into the swelling. Blood gushed out. The witchdoctor sucked this in and spat into the earthenware pot. I wanted to shut my eyes and get away from this terrible scene. But I stood rooted to the spot, my skin crawling with disgust. Repeatedly the witchdoctor attacked the swelling while Alexis screamed and writhed on the ground. Each time he spat into the pot until finally he could draw no more blood.

The drum beat had now become a muted throb and the chant a low-pitched rumble. Paralysed with fear, I now saw the witchdoctor approaching me, pot in hand. No, no, I gesticulated wildly, too terrified to speak, but he advanced relentlessly. Before I knew it, a potful of blood in which floated nails, metal wires and odd bits of hair was thrust under my nose.

"Enemies spell strong on Alexis," he shouted. "See what poison I have removed from his body." His bloodstained mouth was grotesquely contorted. Edging away I quickly handed him the money and got into the car.

"Spell strong, so more money," he cried, coming close to the window. His breath sickened me further, so I gave him another five kwacha (Rs. 50) while Violet helped Alexis into the car.

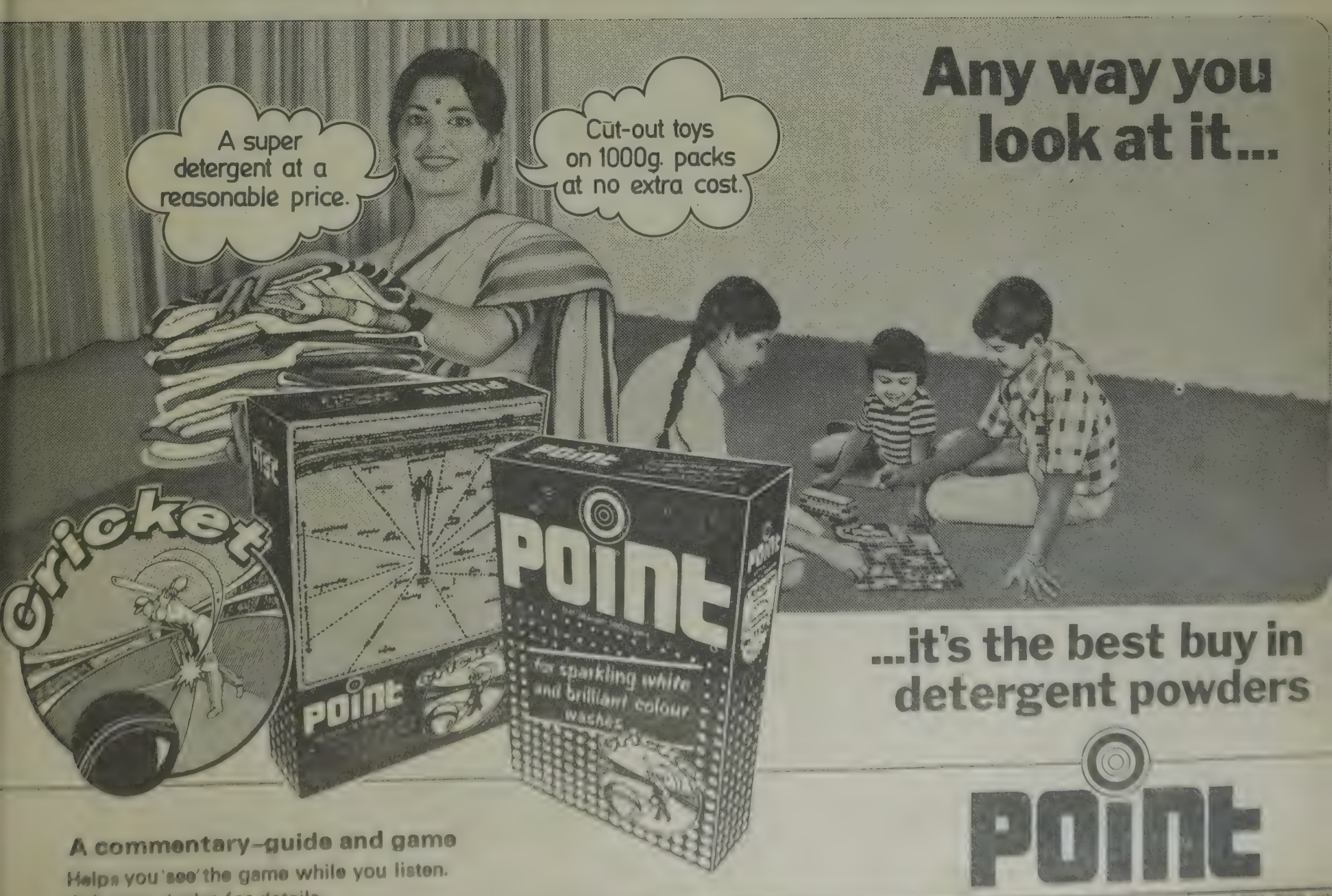
"See Bwana, I am well now. Choma KumaOsei is a great doctor." Alexis smiled weakly. I was too tired and upset to respond, so I drove in silence.

The next morning Alexis was no better. The swelling on his back had subsided but a second one had appeared on his thigh. Again I advised him to go to the hospital but he insisted I take him to the witchdoctor. This I flatly refused to do, so he set out on his own, returning home late at night, exhausted but totally convinced that the witchdoctor was removing the spell and curing him. Each day he told me of the nails, bits of stone, and metal that the witchdoctor Choma KumaOsei drew from his body. By the end of four days, a third swelling appeared on his neck and he developed a high temperature. In the past week, his flesh seemed to have melted away and he was a skeleton, but his faith in the witchdoctor was unshakable.

By now I had grown tired of Alexis' obduracy. So I decided to use force. I rang up the hospital, got an ambulance, and after much struggling and threatening, got the stubborn patient to the hospital. Here the swellings were diagnosed as pyaemic abscesses which were drained by immediate surgery. (Pyaemia or blood poisoning is a condition in which infection travels via the bloodstream to various sites in the body, where it lodges, giving rise to multiple abscesses. In Alexis' case the source of infection was the injured thumb.) Alexis was a difficult patient, refusing to take the prescribed medicines or eat anything in the hospital. However, after three weeks of strict nursing and massive doses of antibiotics, the infection subsided and he recovered and came home.

A few days later, he told me he was going to the witchdoctor to thank him for his prayers and treatment. "But Alexis," I said dumbfounded, "Choma only made you more ill. You would probably have died if you hadn't gone to the hospital."

"No, Bwana," he replied firmly, a flash of hostility in his eyes. "You no understand. Choma KumaOsei removed spell and cure me. I go now to him." I shook my head sadly as I watched his retreating figure. There was just no point in arguing. Modern medicine had triumphed over his body, but the poison ivy of superstition and witchcraft had embedded its roots too deeply in his mind.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DEATH AND DISEASE ON TAP

80 per cent of all diseases result from contaminated water. According to WHO, more than one billion people in the world suffer from waterborne diseases. Can this havoc be stopped?

Shivanand Karkal

A lot of misery and death is caused by an apparently simple item — water. Today, millions all over the world lack an efficient supply of safe drinking water. According to the World Health Organisation, 80 per cent of all diseases can be traced to contaminated water. It estimates that more than one billion people suffer from waterborne diseases — 400 million from gastroenteritis; 250 million, filariasis; 160 million, malaria; 200 million, bilharziasis; and 30 million, onchocerciasis.

It is indeed difficult for the layperson to believe that contaminated water can wreak such havoc. Yet what could be more illuminating than this example, nearer home? Some years ago, after a water-works sanitation project was carried out in U.P., the cholera death rate there fell by 74 per cent, typhoid death rate by 64 per cent, dysentery death rate by 23 per cent and the diarrhoea death rate by 43 per cent.

In view of all this, it is very necessary for the layperson to know about some of the common waterborne diseases in India.

Poliomyelitis: This is actually an intestinal infection caused by an enterovirus (intestinal virus) that subsequently affects certain parts of the central nervous system. In fact, what is principally affected is the grey matter of the spinal cord, which explains how the disease derives its name (polios-grey; myelon-spinal cord; itis-inflammation). It is children and infants who are most susceptible to the polio virus. Nearly 80 per cent of all polio cases occur in children below three years of age, and 95 per cent in children below five. The age group six months to three years is the most susceptible.

There appears to be a seasonal variation in the incidence of the disease, with the peak occurring sometime during the monsoon months (June-September). It is commonly spread through the faeco-oral route: the virus is released in a patient's stools, and the subsequent dissemination of the disease is through contaminated food and water. After multiplying in the new victim's intestines, the virus attacks the nervous system and, depending on the site and severity of the attack, varying degrees of paralysis of different muscles develop.

Poliomyelitis, cannot be cured, but it can be prevented, and medical science has fortunately come up with two vaccines against the virus, one of which is now obsolete (see box).

Viral Hepatitis: This is an inflammation of the liver (hepatos) caused by a virus. Normally the liver helps the kidneys to excrete yellow bilirubin from the body. When hepatitis occurs, however, this bilirubin accumulates in the blood and gets deposited in the skin and subcutaneous tissues — thus giving the typical jaundice colour. This virus is also shed through the patient's stools so that the route of transmission is again faeco-oral.

The prevention of hepatitis becomes important in view of the fact that there is no (allopathic) cure for the disease. Of course, non-allopathic adherents have enthusiastically seized on the nearly year-long hepatitis epidemic in Bombay to make a quick buck through so-called cures — but no scientific studies have been carried out to test their efficacy, and most authorities believe that these 'cures' are a hoax. Gammaglobulins, however, provide a short-lived immunity against the disease (box).

Cholera: This is yet another intestinal disease, caused by a bacillus called **Vibrio cholerae.** A menace to mankind since ancient times, cholera is still endemic in many countries. In India, eight states — Maharashtra, Tamil Nadu, Bihar, Karnataka,

WHAT YOU CAN DO

Boiling: This is the simplest and most ideal way of ensuring clean water. Water must be boiled for at least ten to fifteen minutes, which destroys all disease-causing agents — bacteria, cysts of organisms like **Enatamoeba histolytica,** ova of worms, etc.

Chemicals can also be used to attain the same purpose, but naturally they are a more complicated and less practical method than boiling. Bleaching powder, chlorine solutions, chlorine tablets, etc. can be used. One litre of water requires about two grams of bleaching powder and about fifteen millilitres of liquid chlorine for disinfection. Iodine and potassium permanganate can also be used, but are usually not recommended.

Filtration: A variety of water filters has flooded the market in the wake of the Bombay hepatitis epidemic. Remember that filters can eliminate only bacteria and not viruses, and hepatitis is caused by a virus. Filters depend upon a 'candle' (made of porcelain or provided with a silver coat). Filter candles should be regularly rubbed free of the impurities that accumulate over them, and boiled about once a week to make sure that they function efficiently.

Immunisation: There are a number of vaccines available against some common waterborne diseases. Examples include:

Typhoid-Paratyphoid A and B (TAB Vaccine): It consists of organisms killed initially by heat and later preserved in phenol. Each millilitre contains 1,000 million of **Salmonella typhi** (that cause typhoid) and 500-750 million of **Salmonella paratyphi** (that cause paratyphoid fever). Typhoid is rare below three years, and therefore this vaccine is generally not given before that age. Immunity develops after about a week of administration, and lasts from one to three years. Booster doses should be given every year after that.

Cholera Vaccine: It contains killed and phenol-preserved cholera-causing organisms (12,000 million per millilitre). It is usually not given before the first year of age. Immunity begins after about one week of administration, but lasts only for about three months, after which it declines. Booster doses are therefore needed every subsequent six months.

Poliomyelitis Vaccines: There are two of these — the Salk and the Sabin vaccines — utilising heat-killed and live polio organisms, respectively. The Sabin or Oral Polio Vaccine (OPV) is available in a sweet syrup-like form that is easily administered to infants. Three doses should be given separately, each after one month's interval. The doses are usually given in the third, fourth and fifth months of life. Boosters are advised one year after the third dose, at the age of five or six, and at the age of ten.

Immunoglobulins (for viral hepatitis): They provide passive immunity, as against the active immunity provided by the above vaccines. Immunoglobulins are got from the serum of convalescent patients who have suffered from the disease. Hence their supply is limited, and they are quite expensive (about Rs. 20 per shot). They provide immunity against the disease for about three or four months, provided they are taken either before exposure to the virus or during its incubation period (about five to fifteen days from the time of exposure to the time of appearance of symptoms). Pregnant women, children and debilitated persons become much easier victims of the virus, so that immunoglobulins are strongly recommended for them.

In conclusion, therefore, the following do's and don'ts summarise the preventive measures you can take against waterborne diseases, particularly during epidemics:

1) Use boiled or disinfected water for cooking and drinking, and also for washing fruit and vegetables.

2) Prepare and eat all food while it is hot.

3) If you store food and water before consumption, ensure that there are no chances of contamination.

4) Pay particular attention to personal hygiene.

5) Avoid food and drink that is exposed to dust, flies etc. or is likely to be served by unhygienic persons.

6) Immunise yourself against the diseases, especially if you are planning a visit to a place where they are highly prevalent, or where the supply of water is [illegible]

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Orissa, W. Bengal, U.P. and A.P. — account for nearly 85 per cent of all reported cases. Nearly 30,000 cases are reported annually throughout the country. This disease also shows a seasonal variation, with the peak incidence occurring in August.

When ingested, these bacilli cause profuse diarrhoea and vomiting. This results in a tremendous loss of fluid and salt from the body which, unless replaced quickly, leads to shock, kidney failure and death. The bacilli are excreted in the stools and vomit, and each millilitre contains about 10 million-1,000 million of them, an average patient losing about 10-20 litres of fluid daily. Water, milk and milk products, fruits and vegetables, are the main media of transmission of cholera, flies lending a helping hand. The treatment of the disease is aimed at restoring the lost fluid and salt. Tetracyclines are also helpful. Isolation and safe disposal of patients' stool, vomit, etc, are very important. The best preventive measure is the cholera vaccine.

Typhoid fever: It is caused by bacilli called **Salmonella typhi.** Endemic in many parts of the country, this disease also shows a sudden rise with the onset of the monsoons. Epidemiologists correlate the degree of efficiency of any public water distribution system and sanitary measures with the incidence and death rate due to typhoid.

Contaminated food, water or milk enables the bacilli to reach the small intestine. There, they cause ulcers to develop in the intestinal wall. In severe cases, these ulcers may bleed or perforate, causing death. Treatment consists of isolation, bed rest, liquid diet and a drug called Chloramphenicol. For some months afterwards, the patient must be very careful about his eating habits, otherwise he could get a relapse. The most effective preventive measure is administration of the typhoid vaccine, which can be taken with or without the cholera vaccine.

Amoebiasis: This is caused by a tiny one-celled animal called **Entamoeba histolytica,** which exists in cystic and adult forms. The cysts are swallowed via polluted food or water and reach the large intestine. Here the cysts hatch and the adult forms emerge. These adult forms, called trophozoites, burrow into the walls of the large intestine, causing ulcers. Amoebic dysentery then results (dysentery is diarrhoea with blood and mucus in the stools). Or the amoeba escape from the intestine, and travel through the bloodstream to the liver, thus causing amoebic hepatitis.

DEATH AND DISEASE ON TAP

Treatment is concerned mainly with relieving the dysentery, and killing both the cystic and adult forms of the amoebae. Fortunately, there is a large number of drugs to achieve this (emetine, halogenated hydroxy quinolines like Mexaform, etc.) and both manifestations of amoebiasis are completely curable. There is, however, no vaccine yet against the disease.

Malaria: The word is derived from the Italian (malo=bad, aria=air) and is probably related to the age-old suspicion that the foul air over marshy, swampy land generates the disease. Malaria is caused by small creatures belonging to the Plasmodium species. These organisms need two hosts — man and mosquito — to pass their life-cycle in. They undergo certain stages of development in mosquitoes (usually of the Anopheles type) and are injected into a man's bloodstream by their bites. In man, they pass through other stages of development and are again picked by the mosquitoes, thence to another unwary victim, and so on. The manifestations of malaria are due to the multiplication and subsequent spread of the Plasmodia throughout the body.

Malaria has been a major health menace in India for a long time, ranking second only to tuberculosis, and extracting a terrible toll every year. Though there are a number of effective drugs to cure the disease, and preventive measures are simple — eliminating stagnant pools of water to eliminate the mosquito, for instance — the National Malaria Eradication Programme has still a long, long way to go.

Filariasis: This is mainly a disease of the lymphatic system caused by certain worm-like creatures. It has been known to be prevalent in India since 600 B.C. In 1709, Dr. Clark in Cochin named it 'Malabar legs' referring to the swollen legs (elephantiasis) of patients.

Filariasis-causing organisms, like Plasmodia, pass their life-cycle in man and mosquito, in this case the Culex mosquitoes which breed in fresh water. Filariasis is thus spread in a manner similar to malaria. A drug called Heterazan — Diethylcarbamazine — is used effectively in the treatment of filariasis. Insecticides, as in malaria-control, are also used to prevent the spread of filariasis by eliminating mosquitoes. Filariasis is yet another important public health problem in our country — 136 million people living in affected areas being exposed to it.

THE PURIFICATION — AND POLLUTION — OF WATER

Water is almost never 100 per cent chemically pure. It generally contains a number of dissolved and suspended impurities. Among these are gases like carbon dioxide, nitrogen, oxygen: salts like those of calcium, magnesium, sodium, potassium (some of which may give rise to the 'hardness' of water); dust and dirt particles; viruses, algae, fungi, bacteria, cysts, ova, etc.

Water must not only be 'safe' but also 'wholesome'. Safe and wholesome water is defined as being (1) one without any disease-causing organisms, (2) without harmful chemicals, (3) pleasant tasting, and (4) useful for domestic purposes like cooking and drinking. Supplying safe and wholesome water is one of the main duties of public health authorities. In cities, this task is usually entrusted to municipal corporations.

Urban water supply is generally purified in three stages — (1) Storage, (2) Filtration and (3) Chlorination.

Water is first stored after being drawn from the source — rivers, rainfall, lakes or groundwater. Bombay has a system of lakes (Vihar, Tansa, Vaitarna, etc.) which serves this function. Storage by itself is supposed to help in purifying water because suspended impurities in it settle down, and a steep fall also occurs in its bacterial count. After storage, the water is run through filtration systems and thence to cholorination plants. Though filtration systems have been installed in many western countries since a long time, most Indian cities, including Bombay, have yet to be provided with them. However, since the Bombay municipal authorities intend to utilise water from the Vatsai river in future, a filtration plant is being set up which should become operative soon. Work on the project was inaugurated by the Prime Minister last December.

There are two types of filtration plants — one using the Slow Sand or Biological Filter, and the other using the Rapid or Mechanical Filter. In the first type, water percolates through a sand and gravel bed whose surface is covered by a slimy coat called 'Schmutdecke'. This contains a number of microscopic life-forms that help to a large extent in purifying the water. Rapid Sand filters contain larger sand particles and as their name suggests, work faster. However, whereas the Slow Filter yields water of 99.9-99.99 per cent bacteriological purity, the Rapid yields only 98-99 per cent pure water.

After filtration, the water is chlorinated. The object is to maintain 0.2 gm of chlorine per litre of water after thirty minutes' contact. This ensures the destruction of micro-organisms contaminating the water during subsequent storage and distribution.

From this account, it will be clear how things can go wrong with a city's water supply — at the storage or distribution stages, or by the absence of filtration (as in Bombay) or by inefficient chlorination. Bombay not only has no filtration facilities but its storage system also appears to be peculiarly vulnerable to contaminants. I have heard stories of IIT students going for 'nocturnal dips' in nearby Powai lake, for instance. Then, the surrounding hutment dwellers are also reported to bathe, defecate and wash their clothes in the water that ultimately reaches the city's taps.

As if all this were not enough to explain the high incidence of waterborne diseases in Bombay, the authorities claim that the current hepatitis epidemic was caused by sewage contamination of water-pipes in the city itself. Sewage and water-pipes are apparently situated alongside each other, and due to leaking joints, to and fro flow has occurred, polluting the water supply. Health authorities have also not ruled out inadequate chlorine levels at the tap-ends as a possible cause of the epidemic, besides contamination at the source (the lakes), as well as during the distribution of water. All in all, Bombay's water supply is in a complete mess. At the present, super-chlorination appears to be the only answer to the hepatitis epidemic. But municipal authorities claim that extra chlorination would be too expensive — that we [illegible]

In The Mood For Glamour

It's time for a change! Tired of the same old look? What could be better than a different hairstyle to bring about a wonderful transformation in your appearance! Here are three lovely styles to choose from. Created with soft curls, they are just right for those special occasions. Fit for a bride is this extremely feminine and flattering hairstyle comprising open curls and tiny plaits (far left). Soft ringlets add glamour to this very dramatic hairdo (above). For distinctive looks is this attractive style with face-framing curls (left).

Make-up and hairstyles — courtesy : Lakme Beauty House, Bombay

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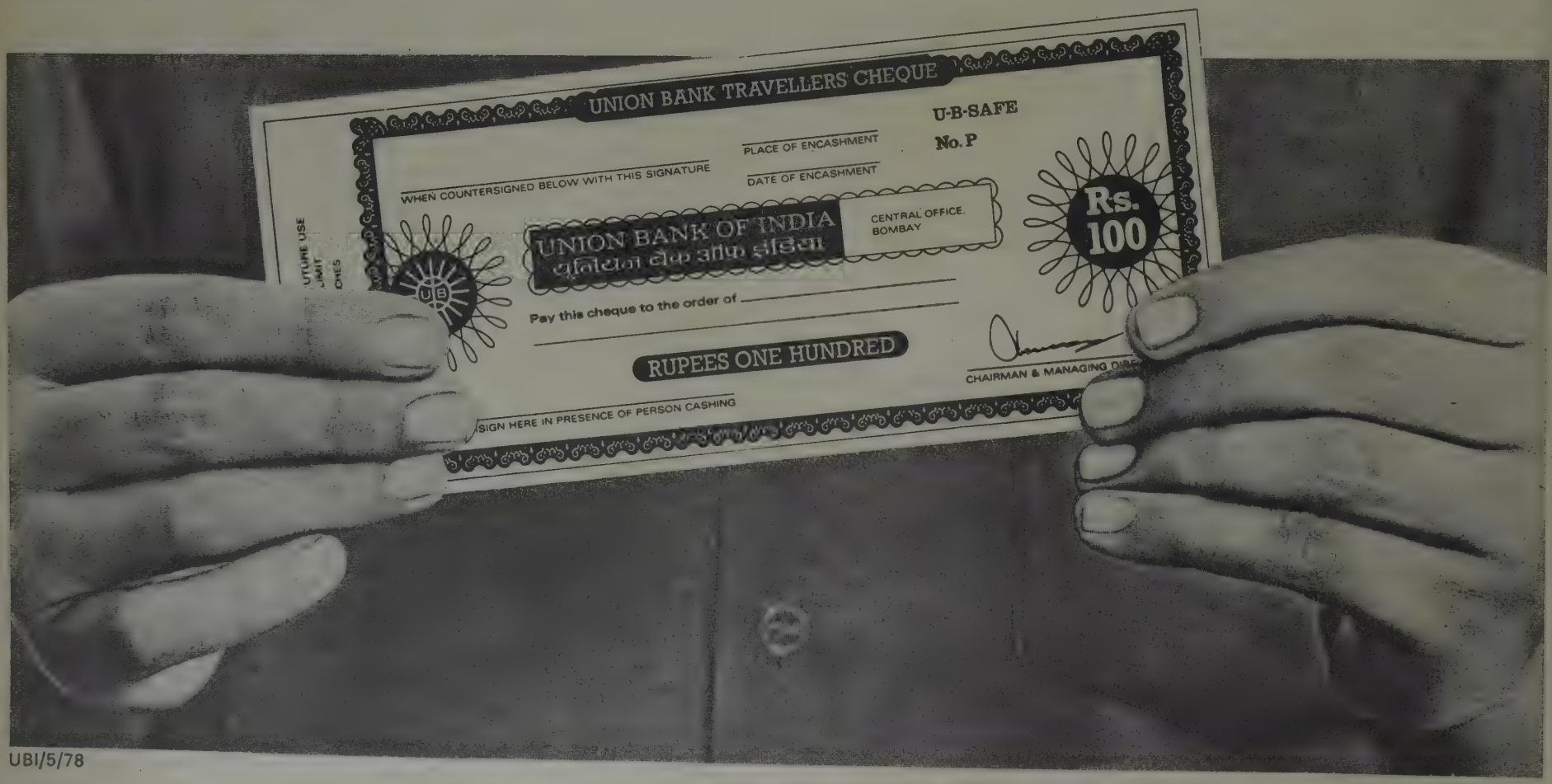
- You'll be confidently quoting Shakespeare. "Who steals my purse steals trash". For you'll be safe with U-B-Safe.



UBI/5/78

We Help You Help Yourself
We Help You Protect Yourself

UNION BANK OF INDIA
(A Government of India Undertaking)

Kamal Aurora

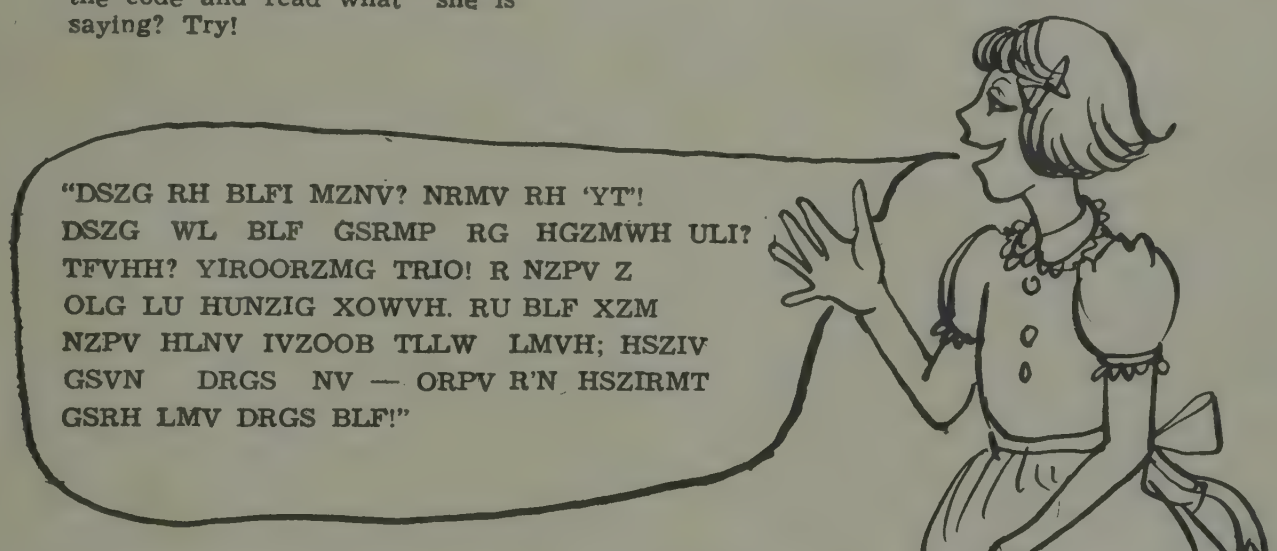
READ ME RIGHT!

Read the following sentences and see how many spelling mistakes you can find. Each sentence has four mistakes each. Let's see how well you play teacher!

1. I like to eet many things but I do knot like to eet a lott of things too.
2. What is mising when I'm fishhing is the bable and the tolk.
3. Kaul me when you vaunt to, and I shall kome when I kan.
4. Why is flower backed so hard that all my teth aked so bad?

WHAT IS SHE SAYING?

Is she speaking a foreign language? Dutch? Spanish? English? None of these! She is speaking a secret code. Can you break the code and read what she is saying? Try!


"DSZG RH BLFI MZNV? NRMV RH 'YT'! DSZG WL BLF GSRMP RG HGZMWH ULI? TFVHH? YIROORZMG TRIO! R NZPV Z OLG LU HUNZIG XOWVH. RU BLF XZM NZPV HLNV IVZOOB TLLW LMVH; HSZIV GSVN DRGS NV — ORPV R'N HSZIRMT GSRH LMV DRGS BLF!"

THE ADVENTURES OF omphy-momphy tuk tuk

It was evening. The sun was beginning to set. The sky was a dark blue and the sun was like a big round ball — red and beautiful in colour. "I like to see the sun set," said Omphy Momphy. "I like it too," said Omphy Momphy's mother. "Do you want to come shopping with me?" she added.

Omphy Momphy decided to go shopping with his mother.

"What am I going to buy?" asked Omphy Momphy. His mother smiled. "It depends on the amount of money you have." "I've only got a rupee," said Omphy Momphy. "What all can I buy with it?" "Not very much," said his mother. "But you can do window-shopping — just look at all the things you like and keep them in mind to buy when you have money."

So, when Omphy Momphy's mother was shopping for things to eat, Omphy Momphy went to look at things he would buy if he had the money. He entered a large, brightly lit shop with lots and lots of things. "Do you have any toys?" asked Omphy Momphy.

"Yes, indeed," said the salesman. "Come this way."

Omphy Momphy followed him to where there were many types of toys. "Can I see that aeroplane?" asked Omphy Momphy. He picked it up and stood looking at it. He would buy this when he had money. Omphy Momphy put it on one side.

"See," said the salesman, "When you press this button the bear plays the drum." "Ooh!" exclaimed Omphy Momphy and put the electric bear with the aeroplane. "Show me that tiger . . . and that fish . . . and that funny clown . . . that racing car . . . and the police car . . . and the boxers, do they fight when you wind the key? . . . and that and . . . . that . . ."

"Omphy Momphy!" called out his mother. "I'm here, Mummy," said Omphy Momphy. When Omphy Momphy's mother came, she was very surprised to see what Omphy Momphy was doing. "What is this?" she asked. "The little boy has chosen the toys he would like to buy," said the salesman. Omphy Momphy's mother was horrified. She stared at the number of toys he had put on one side. "What is this?" she asked in a very angry voice. "But you told me to look at all the toys I would like to buy when I had the money. These are the toys I would like to buy," explained Omphy Momphy. "Oh no!" said his mother, putting a hand to her head. "You are just supposed to see them, you silly boy. Not put them on one side like that!"

The salesman was looking very grumpy too. He was frowning and muttering loudly as he began to put away the toys. Omphy Momphy's mother looked at the angry face of the salesman "We'll buy that aeroplane since you have taken so much trouble," she told the salesman. He looked relieved and smiled thankfully. Omphy Momphy could not believe his eyes as the salesman packed the aeroplane and gave it to him! All the way back home he smiled at his mother as she told him crossly what a silly boy he was, that window shopping meant only to LOOK at things and not to touch them. . .!

ANSWERS

WHAT IS SHE SAYING?

Write your alphabets in a row. Begin a second row under the first one, but this time, write the alphabets from the end first, as shown below.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M
N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
m l k j i h g f e d c b a

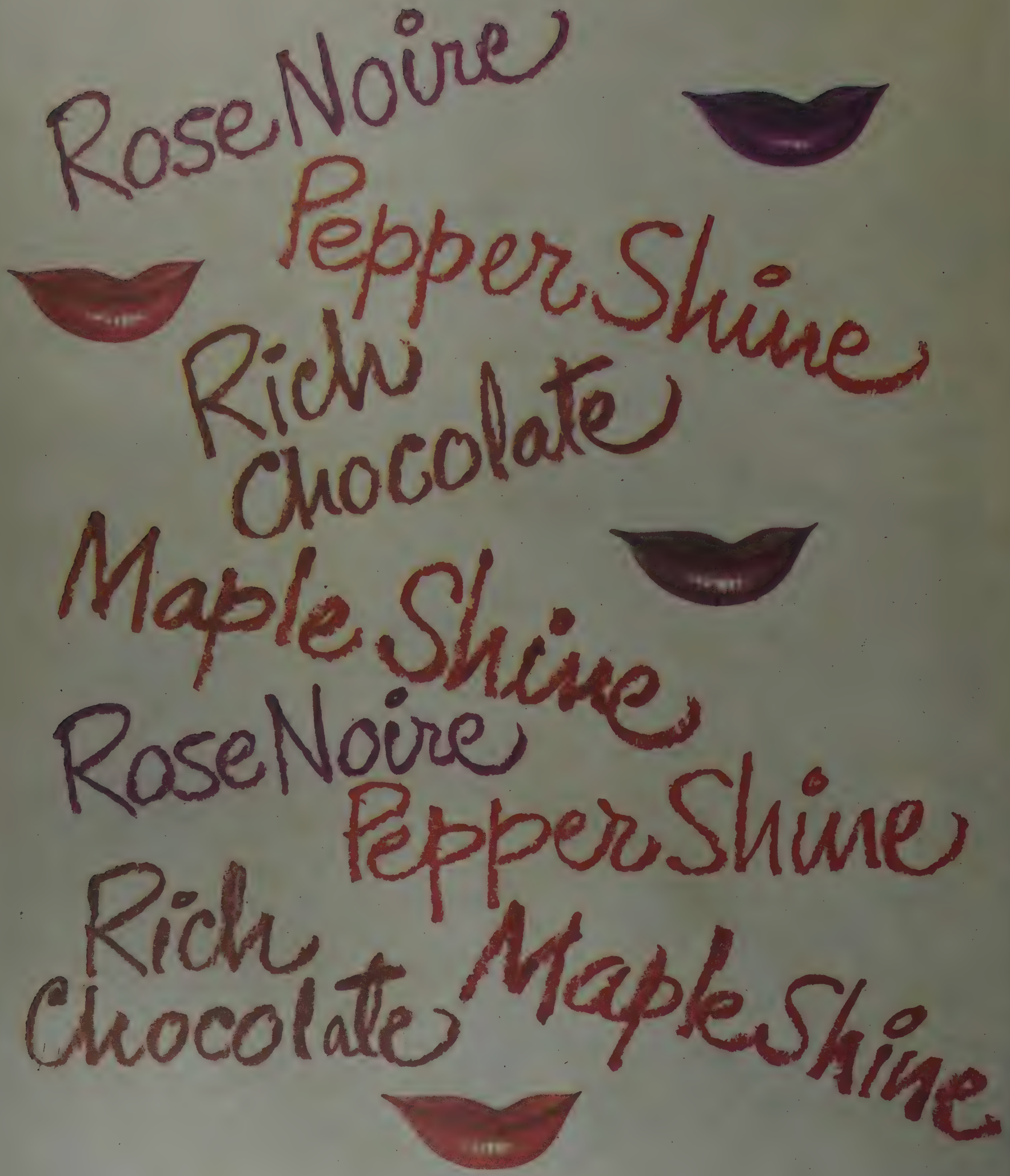
Use Z for A and Y for B and so on.

"What is your name? Mine is "B G"! What do you think it stands for? Guess? Brilliant girl! I make a lot of smart codes. If you can make some really good ones, share them with me — like I'm sharing this one with you."

Simple wasn't it?

READ ME RIGHT!

1. eat, many, not, lot.
2. missing, fishing, bable, talk.
3. Call, want, come, can.
4. flour, baked, teeth, ached.



LIPS BY MAX FACTOR

Free Lip Brush when you buy 2 lipsticks. Offer open until stocks last.
From the beautiful world of Max Factor...naturally

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

I'VE CHECKED YOU OVER THOROUGHLY, MRS. BUTTERWORTH, AND YOU ARE IN SPLENDID HEALTH!
DOCTOR
YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE IS GOOD....YOUR HEART IS STRONG...YOUR LUNGS ARE CLEAR...
NONE OF YOUR X-RAYS SHOWED ANYTHING WRONG ....YOUR BLOOD TESTS WERE ALL FINE -
IN FACT - THERE'S NOT A THING WRONG WITH YOU!
OF ALL THE RIP-OFFS!!
WHAT?
FRED SMITH M.D.
8-27
HE CHARGED ME $125 FOR A PHYSICAL EXAMINATION WHEN THERE WASN'T A THING WRONG WITH ME!
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L. WOMAN

HA HA world of laughter

The lush who confessed to the reason he gave up drinking — he got drunk one night and took a shot at his mother-in-law. He realised what liquor was doing to him — if he hadn't been drunk he wouldn't have missed.

* *

A Communist died and went to hell. Upon his arrival he told Satan, "Boy, am I glad to be in heaven!"

"But you're mistaken," the devil told him. "This isn't heaven."

"That's what you think," sighed the comrade. "I just came from Siberia."

* *

A guy told his pal he was in love with a twin.

"Did you ever kiss the other one by mistake?" asked his pal.

"Oh, never," said the lover. "Her brother has a moustache."

* *

Two advertising executives were discussing an acquaintance. One said, "He's a nice fellow. But have you noticed how he always lets his friends pick up the dinner bill?"

"Yes," said the other, "He has a terrible impediment in his reach."

* *

There was the cannibal wife who had a very sick husband on her hands. In spite of all she did, the fellow seemed to get worse. Finally she got out the tom-tom and sent a plea to the witch doctor:

"What shall I do, doctor? Nothing I try does any good.

I don't know what to make of him."

"Okay," came the tommed reply, "I'll send you my recipe book."

* *

The butcher was quite firm. "I'm sorry, madam, but I can't extend you further credit. Your bill is much higher now than it should be."

"I'm perfectly aware of that," retorted the woman, "So if you make it out for the proper amount, I'll pay it."

* * *

"Doctor," said the patient, "do you remember you told me to go out with girls so I could get away from business?"

"Yes, I do," the doc replied.

"Well," said the patient, "now will you help me get back my business."

* *

A New York city guy reports that he went to a wedding where the bride was so ugly that everybody kissed the groom.

* * *

Dedication in a book: "To my wife, without whose absence this could not have been written."

* * *

"Man overboard," shouted the young sailor on his first voyage.

Amid great confusion the ship was stopped. The sailor stepped up to the captain, saluted and said, "I'm sorry, sir, I made a mistake when I said, 'Man overboard.'"

"Thank God!" said the captain, signalling for full steam ahead.

"Yeah," explained the sailor, "it was a dame."

* *

Two beatniks were watching a jet plane streak across the sky when suddenly the engine flamed out.

Out popped the pilot in his ejection seat, whereupon the first beatnik remarked to his companion:

"Man, dig that crazy toaster!"

Compiled by George Fegrado

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an extra special offering

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Your skin now gets the nourishment it has never known before..... Almond Oil and only Emami Cold Cream has it.

The unique almond enriched cream blends gently with the skin's natural moisture and builds up a protective barrier against dry winter winds. And your skin glows with health that shows.

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emami* makes you beautiful

adlink/dps/KC-4

Ask IOB's Savings Advisors. They'll give you some valuable hints.

At every branch of IOB, we have special Savings Advisors. Just waiting to help you.

They will tell you, for instance, that the time to save is at the beginning of the month. Not at the end. That way you're not tempted to overspend.

Of course, IOB's Savings Advisors will do a lot more than give you some helpful hints. They'll work out a complete savings plan for you.

Just tell them what you're saving for. Something relatively small... like a refrigerator? Or something much more important? Like your child's education. Or an income for your old age.

IOB's Savings Advisors will work out a plan for one or all of these goals.

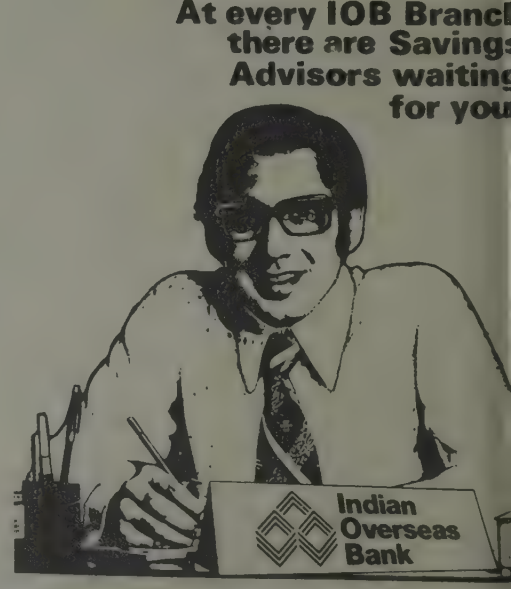
Don't be worried if the amount you can set aside isn't much. Our Savings Advisors will show you how small savings can add up to big money.

And they'll help you get all the tax benefits you can too!

Come to I.O.B.
We have great plans for you

Personal interest shows everywhere. It's there behind IOB's 771% growth since 1969 — the highest among nationalised banks.

At every IOB Branch there are Savings Advisors waiting for you



Indian Overseas Bank
Good people to grow with

ZAKIA KHATIB:

EDUCATING WOMEN AND KIDS

Seeing the plight of Muslim women, she founded an organisation nearly 25 years ago to help them. The organisation's activities have now spread to rural Maharashtra and include nurseries, vocational training for women, and a junior college of education

Birjees Fakih

"My dream is to found a women's organisation and work hard for the uplift of women," said Zakia Khatib when she was secretary of the Social Service Club at Sophia College, about a quarter century ago. Her dream came true in 1958 when she founded Bazm-E-Niswan (Ladies Gathering).

Mrs. Zakia Khatib hails from Bhiwandi. Passing her graduation in first class she did M.A. in Economics and Sociology, and, now married to a doctor, lives in Bombay with her family. In spite of her academic qualifications she preferred to pursue a course in social service rather than adopt a professional career.

During her early days in the college she was upset by the plight of Muslim women. She decided to generate social consciousness among them and founded Bazm-E-Niswan. She decided to spread literacy among the rural people through this small organisation and opened its first nursery and sewing class at Bhiwandi. Later, more branches were opened in Bhiwandi itself. Today Bazm, with Zakia Khatib as president, is successfully running three nurseries in three districts of Maharashtra: Ratnagiri, Thane and Kolaba.

These nurseries not only educate rural children but also provide employment to the young women.

During her literacy campaign among rural folks, she felt the shortage of trained pre-primary staff. Lack of facilities for regular and inexpensive training centres, specially for girls from regional language schools, put hurdles in her way. But this did not get her down and she approached the Anjuman-E-Islam Trust for help. Her efforts bore fruit and Anjuman-E-Islam Junior College of Education was opened. It is now a reputed institution, recognised by the Maharashtra Government. Thus, as Mrs. Mehboob, ex-sheriff of Bombay and President of the Maharashtra State Women's Council, puts it, "Zakia gets to the root of the malady and endeavours to treat it accordingly."

Opening of this college not only solved Zakia's problem but also vocationalised the programme of education. Girls from this institution go back to their villages and run their own nurseries with initial financing by Bazm. Thus Zakia dealt with the problem of vocationalisation two decades ago, before even the department of education realised the necessity to put it into practice on a large scale.

Zakia's deep concern for the community is evident from her book of nursery rhymes, "Pehla Kadam", which she compiled to combat the shortage of books for nursery instruction. Releasing the book, Ismat Chugtai, the noted Urdu writer, commented: "Zakia's literary effort for children is a pioneering work."

"I'm sure," she added, "that Zakia will take many steps further following 'Pehla Kadam.'"

Zakia's success in the achievement of her aims is attributed to her practical approach to every aspect of life. She cares for human values and particularly for the dignity of womankind. Recently when an ex-headmistress of her former school died, Zakia collected an initial sum of Rs. 1,400 and instituted a scholarship to honour the headmistress.

Zakia has been very helpful whenever called for any task related to the cause of women. Mrs. Parricia Gass, a member of Nagpada Neighbourhood House board, approached her while organising a seminar on International Women's Year. Zakia gave her wholehearted co-operation and received an award of appreciation.

Zakia's work in the field deserves special appreciation. Though her primary aim has been the uplift of Muslim women in India, she is very secular in her approach. She is a woman first and a Muslim woman afterwards.

She has a soft corner for children and pleads that they should get their due share of attention from the working mohers which is very essential for their proper development.

Mrs. Khatib in one of her nurseries with teachers.

HUMAN INTEREST STORIES

Do you know of anyone who has faced a physical handicap with courage and fortitude? We welcome third-person accounts of the lives of such people — how they rose above their circumstances and carved out a meaningful life for themselves. These human interest stories must be true and should be about 1,200 words long, accompanied, wherever possible, with interesting, relevant photographs.

wardrob

Great styles come from great fabrics — the jersey, gajji silk and georgettes. Rich in colour, texture and design, they offer a wide scope to the dressmaker. Soft flowing fabrics are a joy to wear and are easy to care — they look ever so fresh through the day. With these fabrics on hand — it's fashion at your fingertips!

Courtesy : Reliance Textiles Industries Pvt., Ltd.

Feature presented by Shanti Chopra

Photographs : Farokh Reporter

winners!

LEFT : For a friendly conversation — Gypsy-styled tiered skirt in printed gajji silk is worn with a matching plain top in similar material which ties up at waist. The other in a white polyester suiting trouser suit, is matched with a printed long-sleeved blouse.

CENTRE : Still on the fashion scene are these gajji silk and American georgette sarees in bewitching colours and dramatic prints which go together perfectly.

ABOVE : The elegant look is still on in soft long-flowing maxi in the famous jersey material. Delicately shaped at waist, has a pretty embroidered motif at front.

a quirk of fate

"Kanury Rao"

Virappa put the bottle containing cheap country liquor to his lips and took a deep swig. The bottle was almost empty now. This was his third bottle today. He was sitting outside his hut, on that rickety arm-chair which had been passed down from his grandfather's time.

From inside the hut came the sound of someone coughing. Virappa shut his eyes tightly and plugged his ears with his fingers to shut out the sound and prayed to God. After some time he removed his fingers. The coughing had stopped. He picked up the bottle, put it to his mouth again and emptied it. He threw the empty bottle into the gutter.

The sun had almost set and was casting long shadows. Virappa looked at the shadows and smiled ironically. How like the shadow that has been cast on my life, he mused. He sighed deeply. Time to go in, he thought. His eyes filled with tears at the thought.

Go in! Go in just to see Laxmibai, his wife, wasting away before him. People had asked him why he drank so much and Virappa's only reply had been a wry smile. How could he explain to them that when you know that the most precious thing you possess will soon be parted from you, the only thing you can do is numb your brain with the help of liquor and try to forget?

Forget! How could he forget? How could he forget those beautiful years he had spent with Laxmibai? How could he forget those beautiful days which seemed to him then, and even now, dream and reality in perfect harmony? It all came back to him so vividly.

At twenty-one, Virappa was definitely the most good-looking boy in the village. Almost every father who had a daughter of marriageable age, had offered his daughter to Virappa, but he had his eye on the tehsildar's daughter because the tehsildar had a lot of land, a part of which would automatically come to him on marriage.

But his father insisted that Virappa marry the daughter of his age-old friend who lived in the next village. Her name was Laxmibai. Virappa pleaded, but his father was adamant. So the dawn of the fifth of May saw Virappa wedded to Laxmibai, and both of them went to live in the hut built for them by his father at the edge of the village. At first Virappa refused to even talk to Laxmibai, but he could not resist her gentleness, love and devotion for long and suddenly Virappa found himself madly in love with her.

Laxmibai was everything that a man could want in a wife. She was as beautiful as she was good, and Virappa soon forgot how little she had brought him by way of dowry.

The days flew by blissfully. Every day Virappa would set off to his field early in the morning and work till noon. At noon Laxmibai would bring him his lunch and they would sit there chatting for about an hour. Virappa would then resume his work and return home in the evening. Then they used to sit under that big babul tree and talk; or sit on the bank of the river and splash water on each other. The only black spot in this picture of bliss was that they had been denied the blessing of a child. Five years had passed since their wedding and yet they remained childless.

A few years passed and Virappa noticed that Laxmibai was growing pale and week. She could no more come to the field to bring him his lunch. They stopped going to the river in the evenings, instead she would lie in bed the whole day. Virappa thought that Laxmibai had gone weak because she was worrying about her inability to give him a child. Not being able to stand this any longer, Virappa took her to the 'Doctor Babu' about whom he had heard so much.

Doctor Babu was from the city and had come to the village, so he told them, to look after the villagers. He listened while Virappa told him the whole story. He then pricked Laxmibai on her thumb with a needle and collected the blood which flowed out. He told an astonished Virappa that this blood would be tested. He told Virappa to come back after three days and he would tell him what was wrong with Laxmibai. At the end of three anxious days Virappa was again in the Doctor Babu's dispensary.

The doctor told Virappa that Laxmibai was suffering from tuberculosis and she would die very soon if treatment was not started immediately. At first Virappa sat stunned and then suddenly he burst out laughing. "Doctor Babu," he said, "you are trying to frighten me. How can she die so soon? She is the most precious thing I have in this world, how can she leave me so soon?"

"Virappa, you must face facts," said the doctor. "Your wife is very serious and will die if you do not take her to the city for treatment."

But Virappa had no use for city doctors and the medicine they gave. His faith was in the local soothsayer who know how to exorcise devils and counter spells. No doubt somebody, jealous of their happiness, had cast a spell on Laxmibai.

So the following day he called Venkanna the soothsayer to his house. After reciting a number of mantras and pocketing fifty rupees, he told Virappa that his wife would be back to normal within a month.

Two months had now passed, but Laxmibai's condition only worsened. Virappa again visited Venkanna but he could only assure him that in another month Laxmibai would regain her health.

Two more months elapsed, but Laxmibai's condition grew worse.

Virappa felt a growing suspicion that Doctor Babu may have been right after all. In sheer desperation Virappa went back to Doctor Babu and told him the entire story. Doctor Babu accompanied Virappa to his house and examined Laxmibai. After a few anxious moments, he chided Virappa for having scorned his advice earlier.

"But Doctor Babu, what is wrong with my wife?" wailed Virappa.

"Virappa, like I told you before, your wife is suffering from tuberculosis which is a disease of the lungs. I am sorry, Virappa, but your wife's time has come. She may die any moment," he said.

"But Doctor Babu, can't anything be done?" pleaded Virappa.

"I can't say, Virappa, but take her to the city for treatment. Something might be done," advised Doctor Babu.

"But how much money will it require?"

"You will require at least 5,000 rupees, Virappa," said the doctor.

"Five thousand rupees!

"I don't even have fifty rupees! Whatever I had was taken by Venkanna for treating Laxmibai."

So saying he went inside the hut with tears in his eyes, but he could not bear to see the limp form of Laxmibai on the bed and he turned and quickly walked out of the hut. He wandered aimlessly through the streets and before he realised it, he was standing outside the shop where country liquor was sold.

Five years of a blissful marriage passed, and then one day Virappa noticed that his wife was looking pale and weak. It's TB, the doctor said. The prolonged treatment in the city would cost at least Rs. 5,000

That was when he started drinking. He found that if he drank enough of the liquor he could forget that it was because of his stupidity that Laxmibai was on her deathbed.

Next morning when he was sober he concentrated on how to get 5,000 rupees. He sold his field, but could get only Rs. 400 for it. Next he sold everything in the house. He even sold his cot. In spite of all this he could collect only Rs. 600. His house had become barren save for the cot on which Laxmibai lay and two eating plates. He approached almost everyone in the village for a loan but to no avail. No one in the village had the capacity or the inclination to lend 5,000 rupees. At the end of a week Virappa had lost all hope.

All this passed through Virappa's mind as he brushed the tears away and summoned up the courage to enter the hut. As he entered he saw Laxmibai quickly hide something under the pillow. "I will get you your dinner," said Laxmibai and staggered painfully into the kitchen. Virappa quickly went up to the bed and lifted the pillow. What he saw shocked him. What had been a white handkerchief a few days back was now a blood-stained piece of cloth. It was then that Virappa realised that Laxmibai coughed out blood.

No amount of will-power could stem the tears welling up in his eyes. Then suddenly a thought struck him. "Zamindar Babu," he thought. Why hadn't he thought of it before? If anyone in the village could lend 5,000 rupees without feeling the pinch, it would be Zamindar Babu. Virappa dapped the handkerchief and sprinted out of the house and was panting when he was ushered into the zamindar's office.

Zamindar Babu was seated on the divan and was smoking a hookah. "What do you want, Virappa?" he said. Virappa fell at his feet and told him the full story.

"Please lend me 5,000 rupees, Zamindar Babu. Otherwise my wife will die. Please, Babuji."

"Virappa, I can lend you 5,000 rupees, but how will you repay me?" said Zamindar Babu. "I'll repay it somehow Babuji, but please give me the money," pleaded Virappa.

"Virappa, if I lend you the money are you willing to work for me without pay till your debt is cleared?" asked the Zamindar.

"I'll do anything, Babuji."

"If I give you the money, you will have to work for me without pay for about seven years," said Zamindar Babu.

"I'll do it, Babuji."

Zamindar Babu pulled out a box from under the divan, and opened it. The box was full of currency notes. He counted out 5,000 rupees and gave it to Virappa. Virappa touched Zamindar Babu's feet, thanked him and left. As he neared his house Virappa broke into a run. A smile played on his lips. At last all his problems were solved, he thought. At last he could take Laxmibai to the city where she would be cured. They could then start a new life together. With these happy thoughts in his mind he ran homewards.

He burst into his house, but what he saw stopped him dead in his tracks. He stared blankly at the limp form of Laxmibai. The notes which a few moments ago he had held on to for dear life, slipped out of his hand and fluttered slowly to the ground.

Laxmibai looked beautiful even in death.

Eve's Weekly - Quiz Contest -13

BEGMAN

1. Louise Joy is the name of the world's first test-tube baby. What is the name of the world's second test-tube baby?

2. The tango comes from Argentina, the rhumba from Cuba. Where does the dance samba come from?

3. Women's events made their first appearance in the Olympics in which year?

4. "The Pilgrim of Swara" is a book on the life of a great Indian playback singer. Name him.

5. Which English physicist discovered the neutron in 1932?

6. When is the Human Rights Day celebrated all over the world?

7. What is the capital of Bhutan?

8. Samuel Clemens wrote under the pseudonym Mark Twain. What was Jules Verne's real name?

9. What is the antonym of hibernation?

10. What are the two colours in the United Nations flag?

11. The 1978 Men's National Hockey Championship was held in Madurai. Where was the 1978 Women's National Hockey Championship held?

12. Who wrote "Kadambari"?

This is the thirteenth of our Quiz Contest series.

Eve's Weekly offers a cash prize of Rs. 50.00 to the winner — i.e., the person whose all-correct solution is picked up first from among those received on or before the deadline. This is to give an equal chance to contestants from outside Bombay. The deadline for Quiz Contest No. 13 is December 9, 1978.

There is no entry fee. Please mark 'Quiz Contest 13' on the outside of your envelopes.

The answers to Quiz 12 will appear in our issue of December 16. The answer to Quiz 13 will appear in our issue of December 30.

asian paints

BRINGS NATURE INDOORS

with **Apcolite Superacrylic Emulsion**

P-46-305

TASTY SHELL-FISH

Premila Lal

Fish has a great advantage as food—it is quick to cook, rich in phosphorous and vitamins, and also easy to digest. There are many ways of cooking, depending on the variety of fish. Baked, fried or curried, it is very popular, but poached, steamed and grilled is easily digestible and tastes delicious with a good sauce. Shell fish, when cooked in its shell, tastes fabulous. Very nutritious indeed, as most of the juice is extracted while cooking the shell, making the food delicious and tasty

PRAWN AND TOMATO SOUP

1 large cup prawns, shelled
1 kg tomatoes, skinned and chopped
450 grams onions, sliced fine
1 tbsp. coriander, chopped
125 grams noodles, cooked
2 tbsps. butter
2 cloves garlic, crushed
A pinch of ground, roasted cummin seeds
Pepper to taste
Salt to taste

Cook the prawns in about two litres of water until tender. Drain the stock and keep aside. Heat the butter in a pan and fry the onions until soft. Add tomatoes, garlic and seasoning. Cook gently until tomatoes are very soft. Add the prawn stock and simmer for half-an-hour. Add prawns, noodles and coriander. Serve hot

CRAB AND CAPSICUM

2 cups crab meat, cooked
6 capsicums (all one size and able to stand upright)
1½ cups milk
2 potatoes, boiled and mashed
2 tsps. flour
1 tsp. pepper
Juice of 1 lemon
1 cup cheese, grated
2 tbsps. butter
¼ tsp. chilli powder
Salt to taste

Melt the butter in a pan and put in the flour. Stir well and remove from fire. Add milk, a little at a time until it is smooth, then pour in the rest of the milk and pepper, chilli powder and salt. Mix the lemon juice with the mashed potatoes and add to the mixture on the fire, stirring constantly. When it begins to thicken put in the crab. When the mixture is thick enough (filling consistency) remove from fire.

Cut the tops of the capsicums and remove seeds. Dip capsicums in the boiling water for a few minutes and remove. Fill the cases with the crab mixture. Grease an oven-proof dish and put the capsicums in the this, sprinkling each with some grated cheese. Dot with butter and bake in a moderate oven for 20-25 minutes. Serve hot.

ROASTED CRAB CURRY

18-20 medium sized crabs
1 large onion, sliced
4 green chillis, slit length wise
150 grams tomatoes, chopped
1 tsp. sugar
1 cup oil

Roast the following separately and then grind together to a paste:

2 tbsps. cummin seeds
2 tbsps. mustard seeds
1 tbsp. coriander seeds
1 tsp. turmeric
6 dry red chillis
½ pod garlic
1" piece ginger, sliced
1 onion, roasted till dry
½ coconut, grated and roasted

Clean the crabs and wash well. Keep whole. Drain.

Heat the oil in a pan and fry the onion until golden brown. Add the ground masala and fry well. Stir so it does not stick to the pan. Add the chopped tomatoes and salt to taste. Cook for a few minutes, then add the crabs, green chillis and sugar. Lower the flame and simmer until done. Serve hot.

STUFFED CRAB MEAT IN SHELL

2 cups cooked crab meat
1 cup boiled potatoes, cut in tiny cubes
2 onions, finely minced
½ cup stock from crab legs
2 tbsps. ghee
1 tbsp. coriander leaves, chopped
Salt to taste

GRIND TO A FINE PASTE:

6 dry red chillis
6 cloves garlic
½" piece ginger
10 pepper corns
½" piece cinnamon stick
4 cloves
¼ coconut, grated

Heat the ghee in a pan and fry the onions till light brown. Add the ground masala and fry well for 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Add the potatoes, salt to taste, crab meat and coriander leaves. Stir until thoroughly mixed. Then add the stock and cover the pan. Simmer for a few minutes more. Remove from fire and keep aside. Wash four crab shells well and dry them gently with an absorbent cloth. Fill the shells with the crab mixture. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs and a few drops of lemon juice and a little melted butter. Place in a hot, pre-heated oven for three minutes before serving. Serve warm with a fresh green salad.

OYSTERS IN SPECIAL DRESSING

24 fresh oysters
4 tbsps. light vinegar
4 tbsps. white radish, grated
2 tsps. soya bean sauce
1 tbsp. sesame seeds
1 tsp. lemon rind, grated
1 tbsp. minced chives
Salt to taste

Open the oysters, keeping aside the shell halves. Place the oysters in a bowl and add the ingredients. Toss and mix well. Place each oyster in a shell and serve at once.

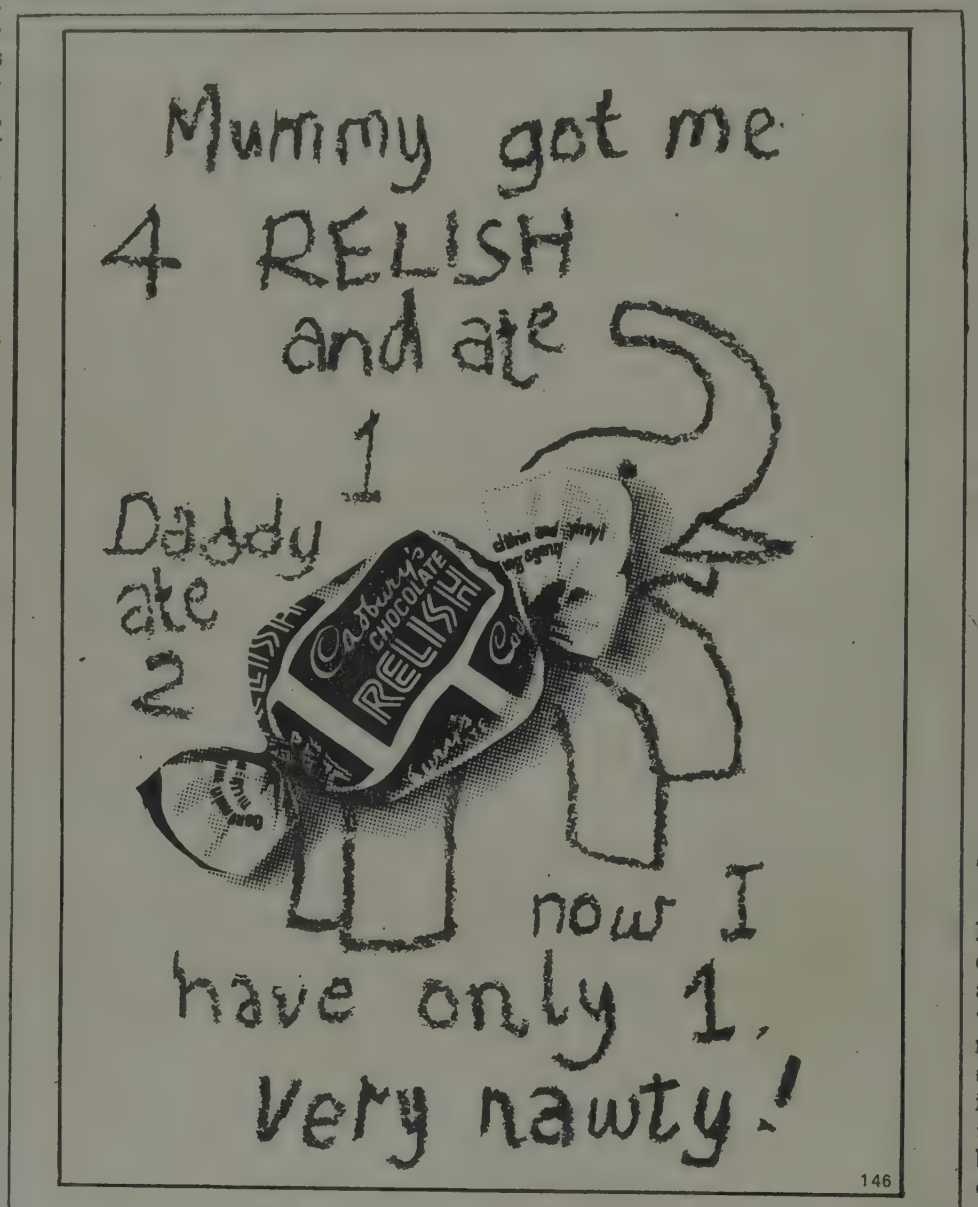
LOBSTER THERMIDOR

3 lobsters (500 grams each)
250 grams mushrooms
2 tbsps. butter
1 tsp. dry mustard
½ tsp. chilli powder
1 cup milk, heated
½ cup cream
Grated cheese
2 tbsps. vinegar
Salt and pepper

Bring two litres water to a boil. Season with vinegar and a little salt and drop the lobsters in. Boil for about 12-20 minutes. Remove pan from fire and place under running water until the lobsters are cool. Carefully divide the lobster shells into two lengthwise and remove the meat from the body, claws, and tail. Dice the meat. Wash the shells well and dry. Keep aside.

Heat a little of the butter in a saucepan and saute the mushrooms. Cover and cook for five minutes. Drain the liquid into a cup and mix the mushrooms with the lobster meat.

Heat the remaining butter and fry the flour, stirring constantly. Gradually add the heated milk and continue stirring till well blended. Mix the mustard with the liquid from the mushrooms and stir into the sauce. Add salt, pepper and chilli powder and cook for two minutes, stirring constantly. Simmer for a minute then strain the sauce through a sieve over the lobster meat. Pack the mixture into the shells and sprinkle generously with the grated cheese. Bake in a hot oven till brown on top.



Cadbury's CHOCOLATE RELISH It's a mouthful!

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Always keep a metal scouring pan separate for vegetables. Very good for cleaning potato skins, carrots and turnips.

LOBSTER BAKE

Meat from 3 large lobsters, sliced
5 slices bread (remove the crust and chop into small pieces)
1 cup cream
½ cup milk
2 tbsps. flour
2 tbsps. butter
2 green chillis, finely chopped
1 tbsp. coriander leaves, chopped
1 large onion, sliced and sauted
½ tsp. dry mustard powder
Salt to taste
Cornflakes for topping

Melt the butter in a double boiler and stir in the flour, mustard and a dash of salt. Add the cream very gradually, along with the milk, stirring constantly to a smooth paste. Continue stirring until it thickens. Add the lobster and combine well. Add the bread pieces. Mix in the chillis, onion and coriander leaves, and correct seasoning if necessary. Remove from fire and pour into a baking dish and top with cornflakes. Brush with butter and bake in a moderate oven for about 20 minutes.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our weekly contest will get in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize,

1. A non-stick coated 7" Cake Mould from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) A gift Hamper from WEIKFIELD containing Weikfield's Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Ice Cream Mix Powder, Variety Custard Powder and Corn Flour and 3) A book "Delightful Chinese Dishes" by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI.

So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay — 400 023.

recipes from our readers

Miss Renuka Nambiar, Madurai.

CHILMIES

FOR THE CASING:

½ kg boiled rice
Salt to taste

FOR THE FILLING:

1 cup jaggery, powdered
2 cups coconut, scraped
¼ tsp. cardamom powder
1 tsp. ghee
A few jack leaves

Clean and soak the rice in water for four hours. Grind to a stiff fine paste with water and salt.

Combine jaggery powder, coconut, cardamom powder and ghee in a plate and mix well. Keep aside. Roll each jack leaf into a cone and fix well with a small piece of tooth pick.

Spread the inside of each cone with a little of the dough, using your finger tips. Spread out thinly and evenly upto the top of the cone. Put about a tablespoonful of the filling inside the cone. Seal off the top with a little of the dough. These are the chilmies. Steam them in a double boiler till the dough is well cooked. Remove the leaves and serve.

Mrs. Sarayu P. Desai, Bombay.

PANEER KACHORI

1 kg potatoes
Paneer made from 1 litre milk
200 grams bread crumbs
1 cup arrowroot powder
2 tbsps. small pieces of cashewnuts
A small bunch of coriander leaves, finely chopped
2 tsps. raisins
3 tbsps. sugar
Juice of two lemons
Salt to taste
½ tsp. cinnamon and clove powder
1 cup coconut, grated
2 tsps. chilli-ginger paste
1 tsp. small pieces of plums

Boil the potatoes, peel and make a smooth paste. Add chilli and ginger paste, half the lemon juice and salt to taste. If the potato paste is sticky, then add a small quantity of arrowroot. Keep aside. Keep the paneer in a cloth for four hours, so as to squeeze out the water completely. Now add to the paneer, the grated coconut, pieces of cashewnuts, raisins, plums, clove and cinnamon powder, sugar, salt and coriander leaves. Mix well.

Make small puris of potato paste. Fill the prepared paneer in each puri and roll into balls. Dip these balls in arrowroot batter and then in bread crumbs. Deep fry in oil till golden brown.

B. Lakshmi, New Delhi.

TAMARIND SEV

FOR THE SEV:

2 cups rice flour
4 cups water

FOR THE MASALA:

1 cup coconut, grated
6 green chillis
2 red chillis
Lemon size ball of tamarind
3 tsps. gram dal
2 tsps. urad dal
2 tsps. sarson
A pinch of asafoetida
A bunch of curry leaves
A small bunch of coriander leaves
½ cup peanuts
¼ cup cashewnuts (optional)
1 tsp. turmeric powder
5 tbsps. oil
Salt to taste

FOR THE SEV:

Boil four cups water. Add the fine rice flour. Stir it till the mixture is of a dough-like consistency. Let it cool.

Grease the idli mould. Put the rice dough in a sev press. Press them onto the idli plates. Steam in a pressure cooker for seven minutes. Remove the stand and transfer the prepared sev into a big plate. Repeat for the rest of the dough. The sev is ready.

Soak the tamarind in hot water for 10 minutes. Extract the juice. Heat oil in a fry pan. Add asafoetida, red chillis, gram dal, urad dal and sarson. Fry till they begin to splutter. Add curry leaves, green chillis, peanuts, cashewnuts. Fry till they become golden brown. Add tamarind juice, turmeric powder, and salt. Cook on a slow fire till the tamarind juice thickens. Remove the mixture from the fire and add this to the prepared sev. Mix well. Keep aside for some time. Before serving decorate with grated coconut and fenugreek leaves.

1 weekly winner

Miss Ira Roy of Bombay wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a non-stick coated 7" Cake Mould from Trupti Industries, Bombay, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

DIM (EGGS) SANDESH

1 litre milk
1 tsp. sooji
½ tsp. flour
3 tea cups sugar
150 grams khoya
¼ tsp. citric acid
A few drops of orange colour (food)
A few drops rose essence

TO PREPARE THE PANEER:

Boil milk and cool. Remove the fat. Put on to boil again. Dissolve the acid crystals in half cup water. Add acid solution little by little as the milk boils. When all the milk has curdled, remove from fire. Tie up in a muslin cloth and hang. Allow the water to drip. Add sooji and flour to this paneer and knead to a smooth soft paste.

TO PREPARE THE SYRUP:

Add seven tea cups of water to the sugar and add one tablespoon of milk. Heat slowly and bring to a boil. Remove the scum from the surface. Boil for about three minutes.

TO PREPARE THE SANDESH:

Take small lumps of paneer. Form into a flattened oval shaped egg. Put the syrup on the fire on medium heat, carefully place the formed pieces into the syrup and allow to boil for 15 to 20 minutes with the pan covered. Remove the cover and let it boil for another 10-15 minutes. Remove from heat and let it cool. Add a few drops of rose essence to the syrup and blend well. Remove the prepared sweets from the syrup and place on a colander to drain off the syrup.

Add two tablespoons of milk and a few drops of colour, to the khoya. Blend well to a smooth paste. The colour should be like that of the egg yolks. Take two teaspoons of this mixture and put in the centre of the prepared sweets. Spread it outwards so as to give the appearance of the yolk in the centre of an egg. Sandesh can also be prepared in any desired shapes.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

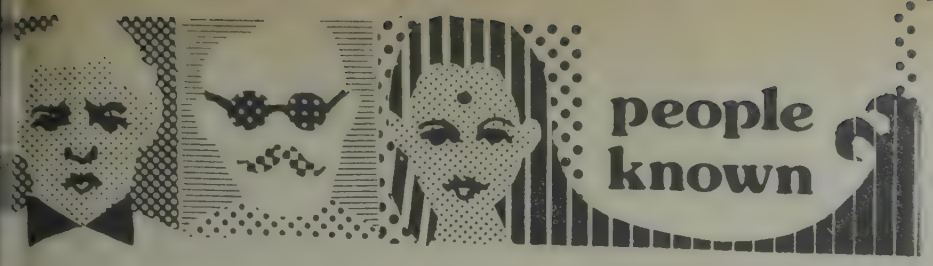
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine or any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

The Fashion's Latest Swing

OCM
SUITINGS



When luck fails, the common thing to do is to turn to God. **Tulmohan Ram,** former Congress member of Parliament, found luck failing him thoroughly. Not only were his misdeeds discovered, but his role in the 'import licence scandal' won for him a sentence of five-and-a-half years' simple imprisonment.

Mr. Ram appeared in court to hear his sentence with a shaven head and in saffron robes. He announced that he had embraced Buddhism a few months ago and renounced politics.

* * *

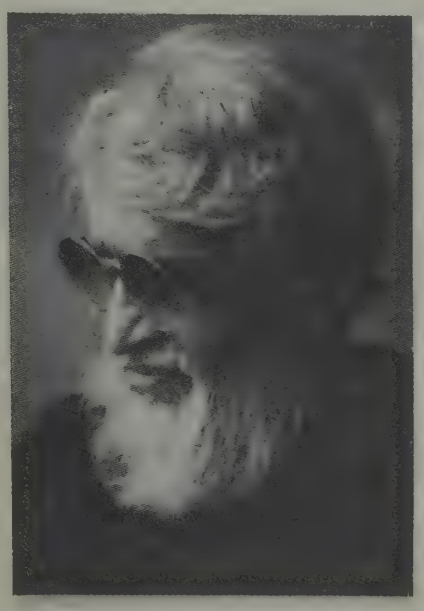
The way the Khadilkar sisters go about it, one would think winning chess tournaments was child's play. It is **Vasanti Khadilkar's** turn now to make chess news. Recently she made chess history by becoming the first Indian girl to beat Grandmaster Pilajtic of Yugoslavia in a tournament in Buenos Aires. Vasanti managed to draw her game out of a difficult position and thrilled the spectators with her curious manoeuvring of rooks and bishops to win the game. This victory enabled India to draw with Yugoslavia in the tournament.

* * *

Rumour had it recently that film star **Amitabh Bachchan** was dead, that he had succumbed to jaundice. Anxious

fans in Nagpur, where the rumour began, kept turning to the radio for some confirmation of their fears, others rang up newspaper offices. The suspense lasted a whole day. It was only when a newspaper finally rang up the star's house, discovered that Amitabh was "hale and hearty" and recovering from jaundice, and published the news the next day, that the rumour died down.

M. F. Husain's latest exhibition deals exclusively with elephants. Drawing from Hindu mythology, from his own imagination and from the various forms of Lord Ganesha, Husain created a show that was entertaining, artistic as well as unusual. Both lay



viewer and critic raved over the work. According to one report, Husain has done what no other painter in recent years has managed to do — captured and projected the wild fancy of a child with great style.

* * *

The Tamil Nadu Revenue Minister, **Mr. S. D. Somasundaram,** made a different kind of news. He managed to get himself elected to the State Legislative Council in a by-election. A fact not singular or spectacular by itself, but very interesting when one realises that the by-election which brought the Minister victory was caused by his own resignation.

* * *

Writers who have sold the film rights of their novels are never sure how their work will change by the time it appears on the screen. **Alistair MacLean** has had ample experience of screenplay writers and adaptors working on his books, but he was surprised all the same when he visited the sets of the film on his latest book, "Force 10 from Navarone". The book deals with the attempt by some British soldiers to blow up a bridge. Barbara Bach plays a Yugoslav partisan, who helps the soldiers in their endeavour. Barbara's charms obviously overwhelmed the screenwriter to such an extent that he built up her role. The result: the minor role sketched out by the author turned into a female lead role.

* * *

"A total woman caters to her man's special quirks, whether it be in salads, sex or sports," author **Marabel Morgan** has declared. Bubble baths, baby-doll costumes and the like having been prescribed in her best selling books, The Total Woman and Total Joy, Marabel has moved on to the kitchen to assemble a total woman's cookbook. The titles of her recipes are heavily suggestive: Heavenly Peach Pie, Boudoir Cheesecake, and her menus need special scenarios. Thus the You Tiger You meal features a hearty beef Stroganoff and a Reconcile Feat includes stuffed pork chops and coconut cream pie. "It's so important," she insists, "to furnish men happy moments at mealtime." Her husband Charlie doesn't seem to feel strongly about it. "All things being equal," he says, "I'd rather have a nice meal than not have one."

* * *

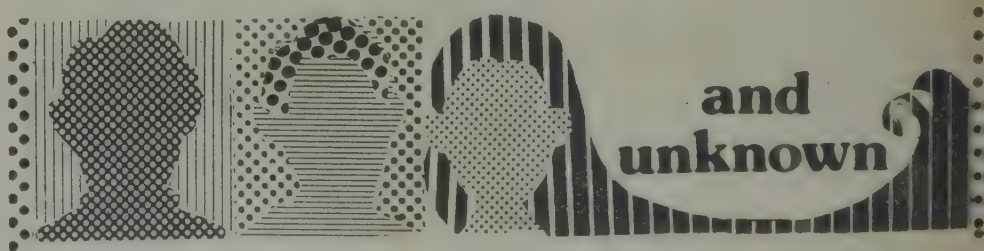
Germany's distinguished novelist **Gunter Grass** a male chauvinist? One of the biggest, says a German women's group, who named him M.C. of the Month for his new book, an epic about a sexist talking fish. During a visit to Atlanta, where he read passages from **The Flounder,** Grass said, "The women's lib movement has a lot of women who want to use power like men. We have enough stupid men who use power." Grass also had some criticisms about American writers, who, he claims, have not confronted the Viet Nam War. Says Grass: "If you don't face it, it means two things: you lost the war and you've also lost the ability to make clear why it happened."

* * *

At 28, **Anand Patwardhan** has already made two films, both on subjects which older and established filmmakers would never dream of handling.

Anand's first film, "Waves of Revolution", was on the JP movement before the emergency. It recorded the mass upsurge led by the youth of Bihar.

Anand met Mary Tyler abroad after her release from prison in India. Her experience inspired him to make a film on people like her — people arrested by the Indian government for their political beliefs. This film, his second, is called "Prisoners of Conscience". Starting with a few shots of people protesting at the beginning of the emergency and being roughly hauled up by the police, the film went on to interview those who had been imprisoned during the emergency for holding views opposed to that of the government. Partly because of its subdued tone; partly because it showed that so-called 'Naxalites' and other political dissidents are intelligent and brave people, partly because of the calm way in which those who had seen or experienced the most terrifying police torture narrated their experiences; the film was remarkably effective.

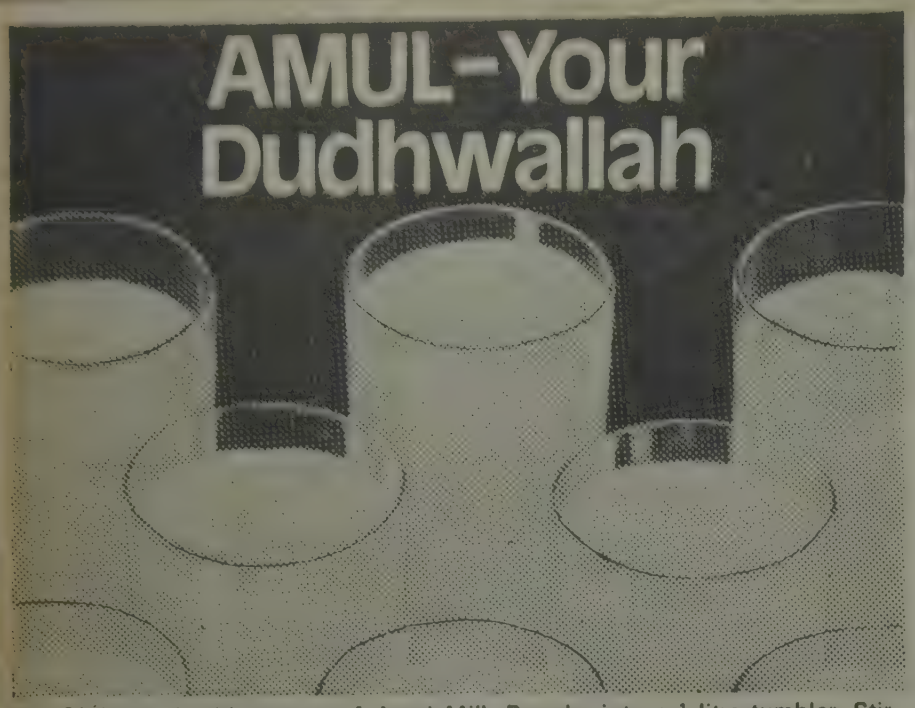


Mrs. SHARDA BALRAJ of Sagar was saved from becoming a divorcee by a London judge who had not even seen her. Mr. Balraj, her husband who has been residing in London for the past 15 years, appealed for a divorce on grounds of separation, stating that his wife had not joined him during his stay in the U.K. The judge, however, basing his judgement on letters between the couple, said that there was no evidence in them that Mr. Balraj had invited his wife to join him, and that she had shown great fortitude and understanding despite his obvious lack of interest in her. Taking this and the fact that the couple had a daughter into account, the judge turned down the appeal saying that a divorce would cause unnecessary harassment to the innocent woman.

The husband, however, plans to appeal against the decision.

Compiled by Sathya Saran

AMUL-Your Dudhwallah

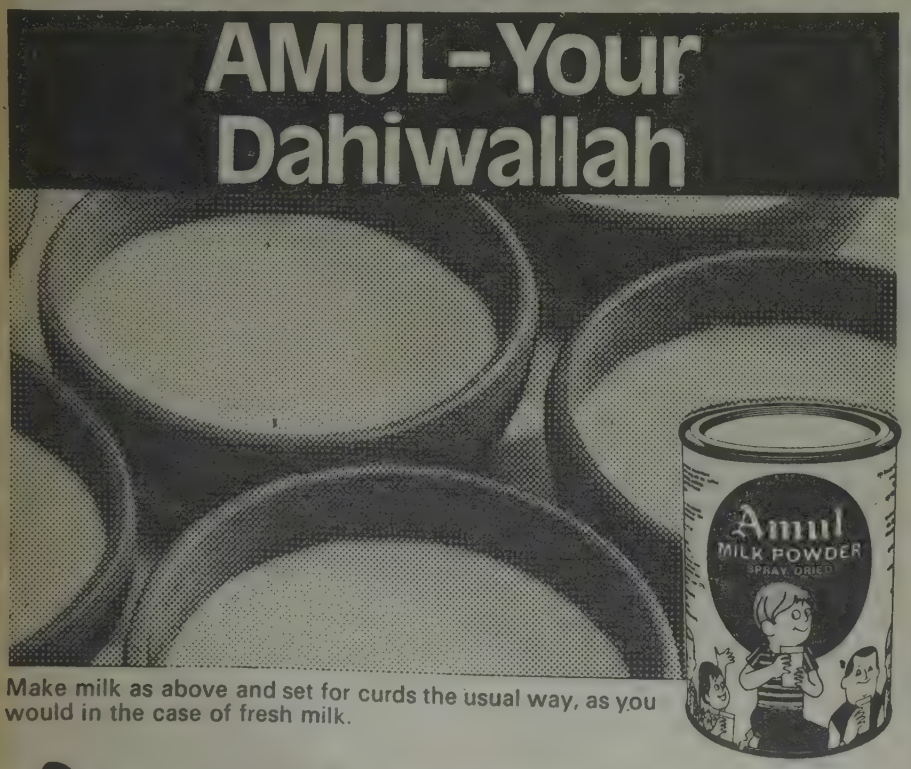


Put 2½ heaped tablespoons of Amul Milk Powder into a ¼ litre tumbler. Stir into a smooth paste with a little warm water. Add hot water up to top and stir. Your child's glass of milk is ready. (For detailed instructions see tin).

AMUL-Your Chaiwallah

Amul Milk Powder is ideal for tea and coffee. Make milk as above.

AMUL-Your Dahiwallah



Make milk as above and set for curds the usual way, as you would in the case of fresh milk.

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ADREENA

ADREENA

MADAME CAMA:

mother of revolution

A liberal who became an advocate of violence to gain India's independence. She conducted the liberation war from Europe, exhorting the people of her motherland to rise up in arms against the British oppressors

Satyavrata Ghosh

In her political life, Bhikaiji Rustomji Cama can well be called a contemporary of the Indian National Congress. The plague which changed the venue of the first Congress from Pune to Bombay in 1885, also saw a change of attitude in the young Parsi lady from Bombay. She came out of the shell of complacency common to the affluent class to which she belonged. And on both was marked the influence of Dadabhoy Naoroji, the liberal leader.

The liberal outlook both in Cama and in the Congress changed about 1905-6. In Congress there was the Surat Split between the Moderates and the Extremists, and Madame Cama gave up her liberalism and became an extremist. On her arrival in England earlier, she had joined the group of revolutionaries who had India House of Shyamji Krishna Verma as their political home in London.

She attended the International Conference of Socialists at Stuttgart which commenced on August 17, 1907. Another Indian revolutionary accompanying her was Sardar Singh Rana. On August 22 she moved a resolution asserting India's right to independence. Many among those assembled there supported the resolution, while it was opposed by Ramsay McDonald who later became Britain's Labour Prime Minister.

Madame Cama had designed a flag, with horizontal stripes of green, saffron and red, and the words "Vande Mataram" boldly inscribed on the middle saffron stripe. On the bottom red stripe were symbols representing the sun and the cresent moon. There were eight lotuses on the top green stripe.

Madame Cama spoke in an emotionally charged voice, her words ringing in the ears of the international audience for long. "This is the flag of Indian Independence," she began. "Behold! It is already sanctified by the blood of martyred Indian youth. I call upon you, gentlemen, to rise and salute this flag of Indian Independence." To a man, the whole audience stood up and saluted the first flag of independence hoisted on foreign soil amidst the thundering applause of socialist leaders of the world.

One need only read Madame Cama's outspoken speech in London in 1908 to know of her advocacy of violence to win independence. "Three years ago, it was repugnant even to talk of violence as a subject of discussion, but owing to the heartlessness, the hypocrisy, the rascality of the Liberals, that feeling is gone. Why should we deplore the use of violence when our enemies drive us to it? **If we use force it is because we are forced to use force.** How is it that the Russian Sophy Pervoski and her comrades are heroines and heroes in the eyes of Englishmen and Englishwomen while our countrymen are considered criminals for doing exactly the same thing for the same cause? **If violence is applauded in Russia, why not in India? Tyranny is tyranny and torture is torture wherever applied."**

In India there was a reign of terror and suppression. When the Bengali magazine, **Bande Mataram**, was banned by the government under the Press Act, Madame Cama started her own magazine under the same name in Europe. The first issue was out in Geneva on September 10, 1910

She started another magazine, **Madan's Talwar** (Madan's sword, the reference being to the first Indian martyr on foreign soil, Madanlal Dhingra). She used to smuggle her two magazines and other revolutionary literature to India through Shrinivasachari, the editor of **India**, published in Pondicherry.

Pursued by the police from place to place, Madame Cama carried on her ceaseless struggle, particularly through the power of her pen. In **Bande Mataram** she once wrote: "Learn to shoot straight because the day is not far when you will be called upon to shoot the English out of the land which we love so passionately." Such language was permissible only in the country of revolution, France. It was the sanctuary for revolutionaries.

In April 1911, two months before the assassination of Jackson, the Collector of Nasik, she wrote: "In a meeting or in a bungalow, on the railway or in a carriage, in a shop or in a church, in a garden or at a fair, wherever an opportunity comes, Englishmen ought to be killed." Justifying the killing of Ashe, the Collector of Tinnevelli, and of Rajukumar Roy, an informer at Mymensingh, **Bande Mataram** said in July: "When the gilded slaves from Hindustan were parading from streets of London as performers at the royal circus and were prostrating themselves like so many cows before the king of England, two young and brave countrymen of ours proved by their daring deeds at Tinnevelli and at Mymensingh that Hindustan is not sleeping."

But her freedom of expression was curbed in June after a visit to France by King George V. Her paper was suppressed, her friend Rana was interned at Martinique and she herself at Vichy. Other friends scattered to places of safety.

Before this, however, she had fought a valiant battle to save Savarkar from the clutches of the British police. On his way to India to face trial in the Nasik Conspiracy Case he escaped from his ship through the porthole and swam to Marseilles. By a previous arrangement, B. V. S. Aiyer and Madame Cama were to take him to safety. They drove at breakneck speed from Paris to Marseilles, but Savarkar was already in the hands of the French police with the British police in hot pursuit. She pleaded in the name of international law that Savarkar should not be handed over to the British police, but in vain. The imperialists stuck together.

With Europe under the shadow of the first world war, the complexion of politics, both national and international, underwent a fundamental change. Isolated endeavours of inspired individuals yielded place to organised efforts to secure armed assistance from the enemy's enemy, notably Germany. The ground was already prepared by Bernhardi's book, "Germany and the Next War" published in October 1911. He had hinted at the possibility of securing help of the Hindus of Bengal who had already been organised for revolutionary action. Properly handled, they might unite with the Muslims to create a real problem for the British rulers in India. In early 1914, **Berliner Tageblatt** published an article on "England's Indian Trouble". Our national interest thus coincided with that of Germany on the eve of the war against England, and no revolutionary would allow such an opportunity to go unutilised. They established the Berlin Committee as a successor to India House revolutionaries among whom Madame Cama shines as the Mother of Revolution.

The loneliness of internment and the strain of surveillance ultimately broke Madame Cama down and she became almost an invalid. Her friends at home, notably Sir Cowasji Jehangir, succeeded in securing her entry into her motherland in 1935 but not before the government got a 'good conduct' assurance from her. On August 13 1936 she breathed her last at the Petit Hospital, Bombay.

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SHATRU:

LESS BOOM, MORE CONFIDENCE

Jyothi Venkatesh

A couple of producers were hanging around on the sets of Subodh Mukherjee's 'Teesri Aankh' waiting for Shatrughan Sinha to finish his shot and retreat to his make-up room, when I barged in to interview Shatru.

"I do not like to be the second choice of any producer. One of the producers waiting outside is the guy who made 'Hatyara'. He had announced his next film with Vinod Khanna in the lead but now that he has taken to sanyas he wants me to do the film.

"Today, I just do not have the time and energy to accept each and every role that is offered to me. I explained my position to him and tried to wriggle out of his project. But he wouldn't leave me. He convinced Vinod to persuade me to take up the offer and since Vinod requested me personally, I have decided to do the film. I believe in professional ethics."

A new trait evident in Shatru these days is his reluctance to 'open up'. No longer is he garrulous. He is quite subdued and is willing to talk to you only if he has a good 'tuning' with you. "I have become more mature and modest. I would rather my film speak for me. I am happy today with whatever I have achieved. Touch wood."

According to Shatru, his success and achievement cannot be judged on the basis of how many people are above him, but on how many are behind him.

"I am above professional jealousy and petty politics. Though I work in several multi-star films, I do not manoeuvre to cut my costar's scenes or be one up on him. I am confident of my talent. And mark my words, the day is not far when I will be hailed as No. 1 in the industry. Yesterday it was Rajesh Khanna. Today it is Amitabh. Tomorrow it will be my turn."

Shatru has some of the choicest banners in town wooing him. He has been cast in Yash Chopra's 'Kaala Paththar' (with Amitabh, Shashi, Raakhee, Parveen and Neetu Singh), Raj Khosla's 'Dostana' (with Amitabh and Zeenat), Ramesh Sippy's 'Shaan' (with Amitabh, Shashi, Sunil Dutt, Raakhee, Parveen and Bindiya), Manoj Kumar's 'Kranti' (with Dilip Kumar, Shashi, Manoj, Hema, Parveen and Sarika), Sohanlal Kanwar's 'Atmaram' (with Vinod Mehra, Vidya Sinha, Bindiya and Sarika), and Manmohan Desai's 'Naseeb' (with Amitabh, Shashi, Rishi, Hema and Parveen).

Though Shatru is really not keen to be another furniture artiste in the kind of multi-starrers being made today, he admits that he has taken up assignments in them only because there is no other alternative, what with every distributor insisting on buying only multi-star films. "I have proved with both 'Kalicharan' and 'Vishwanath' that I can carry an entire film on my shoulders instead of relying on other props for ensuring an initial draw."

"After 'Vishwanath', why are you lying low? Why do you keep on accepting inane roles in films like 'Athithi' and 'Amar Shakti'?" I asked Shatru. Instead of replying, he called for tea. The tea arrived. Sipping his tea, Shatru said, "To tell you the truth, I had done only a guest role in Arabind Sen's 'Athithi'. I had worked only for seven days. They had promised to flash my name in the credits as a guest appearance but cheated me and billed me next to Shashi. Maybe because they had to bow down to the pressure of the distributors. But then my fans felt they were let down.

"As far as 'Amar Shakti' was concerned, I was signed for the film before 'Vishwanath' had catapulted me to stardom. And as such I had no choice at that time. I grabbed that role because the Nadiadwalas were making that film. However, I am careful about the kind of films I accept these days. It is a case of once-bitten-twice-shy. I have successfully switched over from villain to the leading man. And I do not want to go back to square one.

"Wait till my birthday on December 9. That day you'll realise how far I have inched ahead in my career from a zero to a top hero. I believe in destiny a lot, though not in astrology. I believe that destiny plays a key role in shaping one's stardom. Take for example the case of Rajesh Khanna. He was down and out because the stars willed otherwise. And because he is an actor of the first order, he is now all set to stage a comeback."

Shatru denies the allegation that he interferes with the functioning of his directors on the sets. "I do give my suggestions to my directors. If they accept them and incorporate them, it is well and good. Otherwise, I do not crib. Well, it is their funeral. Why should I interfere in the director's job? I agree I report late on the sets. But then in order to compensate for my late-coming, I stay back till my director is able to can the shots for the day as per his schedule. I am the most co-operative star you can ever come across. Ask my directors. I remain the first choice of every producer of mine every time he launches his next film. It is only when I turn down the offer that he approaches some other star. If I were the interfering type, do you think they would still want to repeat me in their films?"

Shatru plans to plunge into the field of direction. However, he feels that the time is still not ripe for the transition. "I prefer to save my talent to wield the megaphone for a rainy day. Right now let me enjoy the fruits of stardom. Where's the hurry for me to take up direction? My friends Danny, Amjad, etc., have taken to direction. I too will in due course when I start getting the feeling that I am slipping as an actor. I am quite frank about it. I don't like to mince words. I am not [illegible]."

Photograph: Rakesh Shrestha

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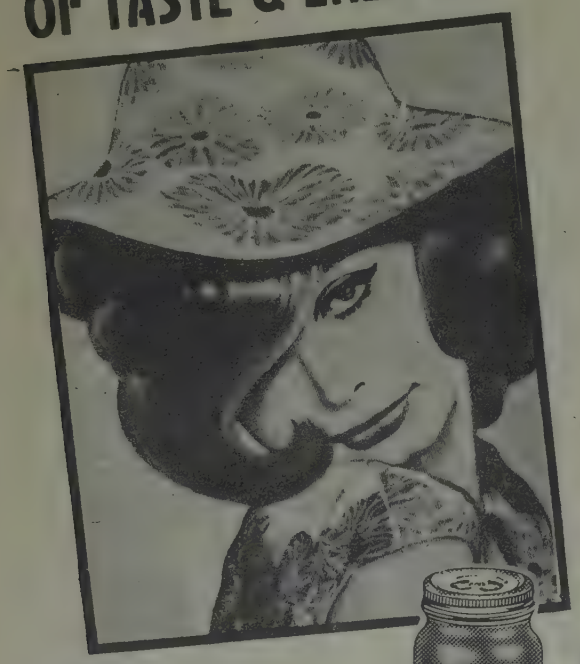

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THE STORY SO FAR...

Leigh Stanton innocently accepts an invitation from her boyfriend Gavin Sinclair to spend a week-end in his father's house. Much to her dismay, she learns that Gavin's intentions are far from honourable. She wants to escape but is interrupted by the unexpected arrival of Piers Sinclair, Gavin's father, a hard, cynical divorcee and playboy millionaire. Piers puts a wrong construction on the situation, whisks young Leigh back home in his car and lectures her on the degenerating morality of youth.

Leigh is an eighteen-year-old pre-nurse, sharing a London apartment with colleague Karen and spending weekends with parents who live forty miles away. One day, coming back from a family reunion, her car breaks down. Piers Sinclair happens to pass that way and points out there is no petrol. Twice embarrassed, Leigh hopes she will never see the man again. But he turns up like a bad penny, first at her apartment and then at the clinic she was assigned to.

The same evening Karen suggests a movie but Leigh is off-mood and asks Karen and Keith to go along without her. Piers turns up again just as they are leaving. So Leigh is inflicted with Piers' presence for the entire evening. In spite of her acid manner, he makes her rustle up some dinner for him and promises to return the treat by taking her out for dinner the next day. Leigh has conflicting emotions, finding Piers both irritating and irresistibly handsome. In the days that follow, he overwhelms her enough to accept his dinner date, for Christmas Eve, promising to drop her at her parents' in time for Christmas.

NOW READ ON...

Leigh got herself ready with more than her usual care. The last thing she wanted was for Piers Sinclair to be ashamed of her. After all, he was accustomed to escorting some of the most beautiful women in the world, and she could hardly describe herself in that class.

Her dress was the same colour as her eyes, almost purple in its depth. It was a dress she had had for some time, halter-necked and clinging, and she knew it suited her slim elegant beauty. Piers Sinclair could hardly complain about her appearance: he had only seen her in a dress once, and that had been her pre-nursing uniform. Hardly flattering. Anything would be an improvement on that.

They entered the large reception area, white flakes of snow nestling in the darkness of Leigh's hair. She put up a hand to remove them, only to have Piers stop her, his touch on her hand disturbing. He gently removed the fast melting flakes before bending down to kiss the tip of her nose. 'A snowflake,' he excused, his eyes twinkling with suppressed humour.

Inside, Piers pulled her against him as the tune changed to a low throbbing love song, resting her dark head against his shoulder, his hand gently caressing her nape.

Piers chuckled softly, his chin on a level with the top of her head. 'Why can't you always be like this instead of the horrible little girl you can be at times?' His lips gently touched her creamy neck and his hands ran caressingly over her bare back. 'It makes you even more desirable than I already find you.'

Leigh shivered with delight,

PART FOUR

THE PASSIONATE WINTER

Carole Mortimer

Originally published by Mills & Boon Ltd., London. (C) Carole Mortimer (Australian Copyright) 1978.

and mistaking it for one of cold Piers pulled her even closer into the warmth of his arms, pushing her hands below his jacket and against his warm hard flesh through the silk shirt. They danced on in silence, Piers' hands exciting her to fever pitch. The music changed tempo again and still they danced close together.

Leigh laughed throatily. 'I think we probably look rather silly.'

'Who cares?' he said against her neck, his hand still warm against her nape. 'Do you?'

'No,' she breathed softly.

'You're a very surprising girl,' he murmured huskily.

'One moment you can't stand the sight of me and the next you — well, you certainly don't seem to hate me any more.'

Leigh blushed at his words, glancing regretfully at her watch. 'It's getting late and I'm afraid my parents may become worried if I don't arrive home soon.'

Once outside she shivered slightly as the cold wind blew into the warmth of the car. 'I only hope the main roads have been cleared.'

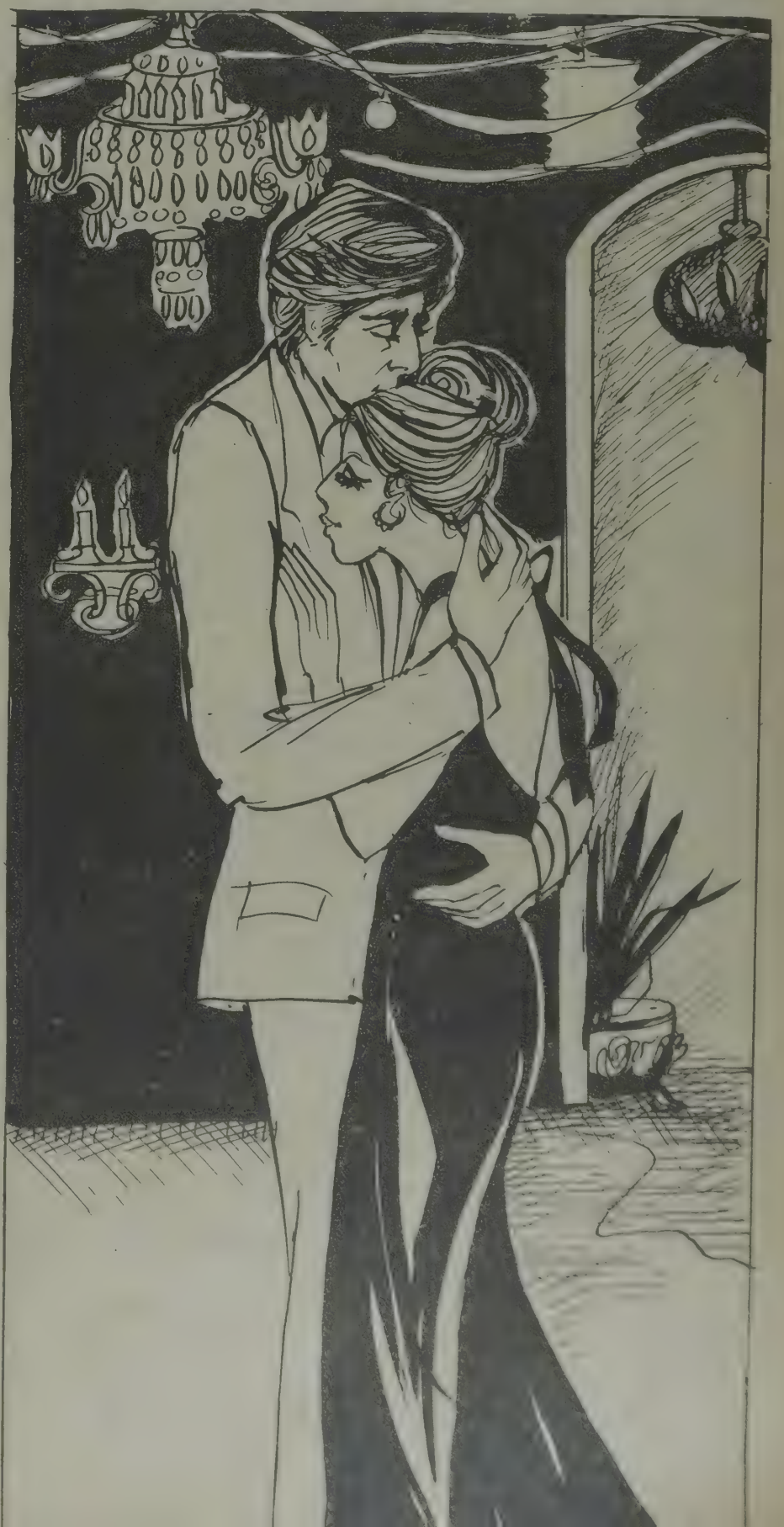
It appeared they had not and Leigh looked miserably out of the window at the snow that at any other time she would have loved. Piers really couldn't drive her home in this, and although she would hate not being home for Christmas it really wasn't fair to ask this of him, and she told him so. 'I can always go back to my flat and see if the snow has cleared in the morning. Mum and Dad will understand.'

'I'm not taking you back to that flat to spend Christmas on your own. Unless of course you want me to stay with you? They're your only choices, you can let me drive you to your

Piers' mouth burned a trail of desire down her slender neck. 'Oh, Leigh! You're beautiful!' he whispered, his breath ragged and tortured in his throat. 'Don't you realise what you're doing to me?'

strongly against them, the snow heavier now and settling in deep drifts against the sides of buildings and making the roads treacherous.

'God, look at that!' muttered Piers as they settled themselves



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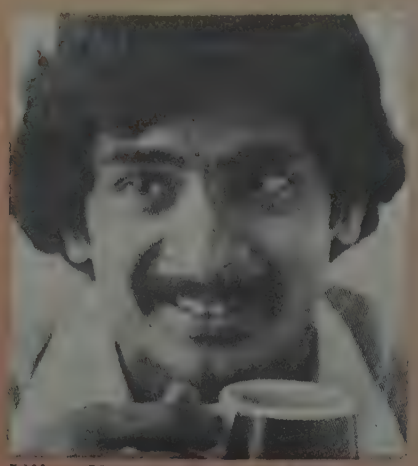

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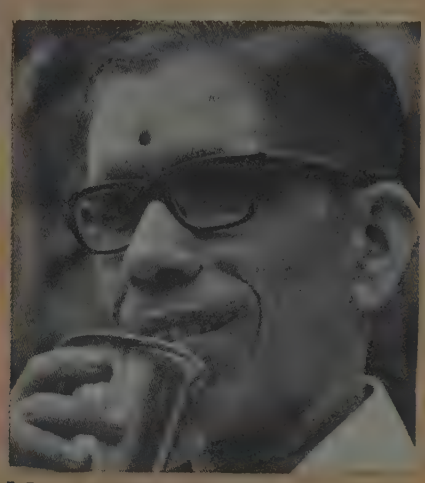

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parents' home or alternately we both stay at your flat. No one wants to be alone on Christmas Day.'

'But you were going to be,' she pointed out. 'You said so yourself, with Gavin going away with his friends.' Personally Leigh felt that as Piers' only relative Gavin could at least have spent Christmas with his father.

'I don't happen to be an eighteen-year-old girl. The glamour and closeness of Christmas passed me by years ago. Now which is it to be?' he persisted.

'Which would you prefer to do?'

'Do you need to ask?' he mocked, deliberately misunderstanding her.

'Home, please.' She saw the speculative gleam in his eyes and blushed. 'My parents' home, I mean.' She didn't know what he was suggesting when he had said that about going to her flat, but it didn't take much imagination. Piers Sinclair wasn't the type of man to let an opportunity like that pass him by. Although to be fair to him he had given her the choice. Which was more than his son had done!

Piers' eyes never left the road in front of him, all his concentration needed to keep the car on the road. Besides the heavy snow falling it was also freezing, making the roads almost impossible to negotiate.

He turned to look at her. 'I'm sorry,' he shrugged his shoulders. 'I guess we'll just have to wait here until the snow decides to stop. I can't see a thing in this weather.'

He groaned, his hand coming up to gently part her lips. 'I need this, Leigh! Just let me kiss you.' His voice was deep and husky and his mouth was firm and wide as it claimed her own, and Leigh felt all her senses flame with desire, desire for the full submission his mouth was demanding of her.

'Leigh!' he whispered with a groan, his mouth burning a trail of desire down her slender neck. 'Oh, Leigh! You're beautiful!'

His breath was ragged and tortured in his throat as he looked at her. 'Stop it, Leigh! Don't you realise what you're doing to me? Do you think I can take much more of this!'

'What, Piers?' her violet eyes provoked him to further action. 'What am I doing to you?'

'You know damn well what you're doing to me,' he groaned.

All sound other than their heated murmurings was blotted out of his mind, all his senses alive to this young and lovely girl beneath him, until one persistent sound penetrated the world they had lost themselves in. Raising his head, Piers heard the distant sound of another vehicle, a vehicle moreover that was moving slowly along the snowbound roads towards them. Piers pushed back his tousled hair. Wiping the now steamy windows he saw another car driving along the road. The snow appeared to have stopped, unnoticed by either of them, and the traffic was now moving again.

Leigh looked at him in a daze, her eyes still glazed with passion. She didn't understand his sudden withdrawal. 'What's wrong?'

Without answering her he pushed the seat forward and opening the door climbed out of the car. Leigh was left in an undignified heap on the back seat feeling decidedly cheap and nasty. She could only assume Piers was ashamed of what had just happened between them, and pulling her clothes back around her now chilled body she sat up, running a hand through her tangled hair.

She sat in stony silence as Piers climbed back into the car, all evidence of their previous closeness completely erased.

Piers refrained from making any comment and Leigh retreated back into her shell of self-recrimination. She had never allowed anyone to touch her as Piers had done, abandoing herself to him in a way she had never imagined possible. She had been kissed before, she wasn't that innocent, but never anything like the brutally sensual caresses Piers had given her, breaking down all her defences and making her a willing recipient to his demands.

'Stop torturing yourself,' he commanded her abruptly. 'All this soul-searching will get you nowhere. And you have nothing to reproach yourself for. What happened, after all? Just a few kisses between two people attracted to each other.'

Somehow his words only made her feel worse. He might take interludes like that in his stride, but she certainly couldn't. She put up a hand to her flushed cheeks, willing the miles away so that she could escape to her bedroom and her own thoughts. Anywhere away from this man would do really. She hated to think what her parents would say when she arrived home in the early hours of the morning with a man obviously quite a bit older than her and experienced in the ways of the world.

The house was flooded with light as Piers turned off the powerful engine of the car and climbed out of its now warm interior.

'Goodness, Leigh,' breathed her mother happily, 'you certainly gave us a scare! We've been so worried about you.'

'Sorry, Mum,' Leigh replied tearfully. 'It was snowing so hard we just had to wait until it stopped.'

'We? Oh!' Her father finally spotted Piers standing unobtrusively in the background, allowing a private greeting between the family. 'Come in, come in,' he gestured to this tall powerful man to enter the house, closing the door firmly behind him and effectively shutting out the icy wind. 'Let's all go into the lounge, it's warmer in there.'

Leigh sat down next to the glowing fire, stretching her hands towards its warmth. She looked up nervously, straight into Piers' quizzical eyes. 'Piers, I would like you to meet my mother and father,' she said politely. 'Mum, Dad, this is Piers Sinclair.'

'Sinclair?' questioned her mother. 'Don't you know someone else called Sinclair, Leigh?'

'My son,' put in Piers smoothly, sitting opposite Leigh at her father's invitation. 'I have a son of Leigh's age. His name is Gavin,' he supplied.

'Oh yes, of course,' smiled Mrs. Stantton. 'Would you care for some coffee, Mr. Sinclair?'

He grinned gratefully, a heart-stopping gesture that caught Leigh's breath in her throat. 'I'd love some, thank you. And please call me Piers.'

'I'll help you, Mum,' Leigh said quickly, glad of an excuse to escape. She picked up two of the cups and carried them through to the lounge, handing one to Piers and one to her father. She was in time to hear her father say to Piers, 'We insist you stay here for the night. It's much too late to drive again in this weather.'

Leigh looked at her father with horror. How could he do this to her?

'Well, if you're sure I won't be an inconvenience, I would be very grateful. You're right, it is a lousy night for driving.'

Her father smiled with pleasure. 'Of course we're sure.'

Piers and Leigh spent their Christmas there.

'Thank you both for making me welcome,' Piers told her parents the next day. 'I've enjoyed myself very much.'

'Good,' smiled her father. 'We hope you'll come back again.'

Piers glanced fleetingly at Leigh. 'I hope so too. Are you ready to go now?' he asked her.

Leigh looked down at her suitcase and the box of food her mother had insisted on giving her. 'Yes, thank you.' She hugged her mother and father in turn before poking her head around the lounge door. 'Goodbye, boys. See you again soon.'

Leigh's brothers Chris and Dale stood up. 'Are you leaving now?' Chris asked regretfully.

'Mmm, Piers has to be back at work by tomorrow. He has quite a tight schedule.'

Dale came to stand next to her, putting a brotherly arm about her shoulders. 'It seems strange to see you with a boy-friend, little sister. And such a boy-friend too!'

The journey was nearly over now and Piers had been silent. She studied his granite-hard face, there was no softness for her there and she turned away, tears of hurt like huge lakes in her eyes. They were now back in London and Leigh was dreading the moment of parting.

'Leigh,' Piers said huskily.

'Yes?' she answered softly.

'Come home with me.'

'Wh-what did you say?'

'I said come home with me.'

'But — but why?'

'Don't be stupid, Leigh. You know why. Because I want you, I want you like I never wanted anyone or anything before. Does that answer your question?'

If he had said these words with one ounce of passion Leigh might have been tempted, but the statement about wanting her had been made quite coolly, as if it didn't really matter to him one way or the other.

'Yes, it answers me, quite effectively, I should say,' she said sadly. 'And the answer is no But then you already knew that, didn't you?'

'I guess so. Okay, you're home.' He turned in his seat to look at her.

'Thank you.' She followed him out of the car, taking her case and the food out of his hands.

'Do you want me to help you carry that stuff in?' he asked politely.

'No thanks. I don't want to keep you, I'm sure you must have other things to do, people to see,' she replied stiffly.

'Okay.' He bent his head and gently touched her lips with his own, not denying 'her words. 'Look after yourself, little girl. And stay away from big bad wolves.'

'Like you?'

'Like me.' He touched her gently on the cheek. 'Good-bye, Leigh.'

'Goodbye.' It sounded so final somehow, as if she would never see him again. But then perhaps she wouldn't. She had thought there was something wrong Piers hadn't asked to see her again! Oh God! What would she do now?

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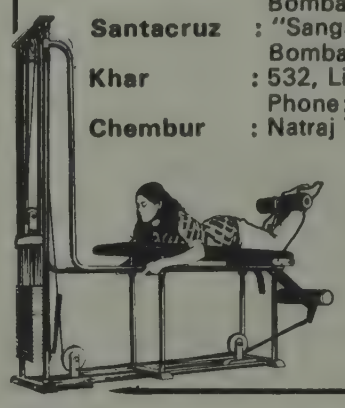

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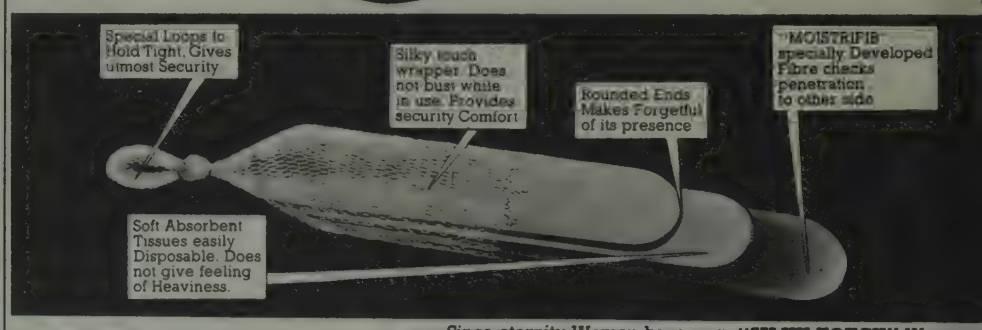
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My daughter has a dark complexion. She does not use any cosmetics. She wants a fairer complexion. Please suggest a home remedy.

S. V. (Bombay)

You should not select a jet black colour to dye your hair. Try mixing two shades — brown and black — as this will not make your hair appear too black.

At your age, your skin must have become sallow and your eyes slightly faded. Therefore, a jet black colour is not too flattering for you, even though your original hair colour may have been black. A lighter version of the original colour is best for older women.

Here is a home-made beauty aid for your daughter to make her skin lighter. She should clean her face with a cupful of milk to which is added a teaspoon of honey and a teaspoon of orange juice. She should cover her face with cucumber slices and lie down for about 20 minutes. Follow this routine regularly.

TO REDUCE HIPS

I am 24 and have a proportionate figure except for my hips which are heavy. Please suggest some exercises to reduce them.

J. L. (Madras)

Sit on the floor with legs extended and lean back on hands. Bend left leg so that the foot is above the right knee, then twist to right side touching left knee to floor. Reverse leg positions and twist to left touching right knee to the floor. Do ten twists on each side.

THICKER EYE LASHES

Here is another one.

Lie face down with head slightly raised, fold arms under chest. Roll on hips as far as you can from side to side. When you roll, you should feel the hipbone touching the floor. Do this for about 15 minutes.

These exercises should be done regularly till you see results.

SHE IS THIN

I am 5' 5" and very thin. I appear much taller because I am lean. I try to eat fatty foods but to no avail. I worry a lot. Perhaps this prevents my adding weight. Please help.

E. D. (Panaji)

For a thin person it is more difficult to gain weight. You are the worrying type. A calmer attitude will help you. You should make a conscious effort to relax and this will enable your body to make the best use of what you eat.

You should revise your eating habits. Eat your meals calmly. Eat slowly and chew every morsel of food. Take plenty of time to eat. Rest for 10 minutes after every meal.

You should include in your diet thick soup, mashed potatoes, meat, fish, eggs, cheese, curds, butter, jams and fruits — all these are bodybuilding as well as nourishing. And take plenty of milk.

Watch your nerves and your temper. A relaxed atmosphere is essential for you.

Also, eight hours' regular sleep is very essential. An overactive mind finds difficulty in sleeping, so learn to relax.

Go for a daily walk and do exercises but don't tire yourself — this will increase your appetite.

DARK LASHES

I have sparse lashes and I want them to look thicker, how can this be done?

Also suggest a suitable hairstyle for me — I have a pear-shaped face.

N. N. (Delhi)

When applying mascara to your lashes, apply two coats. Let the first coat dry thoroughly before you apply the second. And brush to separate lashes between coats.

Your face is narrow at the top and wide at the bottom. Your hair needs fullness at the crown and at the temples. A perm could solve your problem and add that width. A short and full hairstyle is best for you — have your hair cut above the jawline.

K. M. CELINE

PROMISING ATHLETE

Twenty-year-old Celine started her athletic activity at thirteen, but it was only after she entered college that her talent was fully exploited. She has been representing Kerala University for five years. Celine was the captain of the University women's athletic team for four years. She donned the University blazer in 1973 at the Gwalior meet. Her debut there was promising and she secured first places in long jump, pentathlon, 100 M hurdles and anchored her quartet to victory in the 4 x 100 M relay. She set up a new record with a distance of 5.44 M in the long jump. At the next Inter-Varsity Meet at Calicut, she was first in long jump, pentathlon and 200 M and anchored the Kerala quartet to victory in the 4 x 100 M and 4 x 400 M relays, besides winning second place in the 100 M hurdles.

In the Inter-Varsity Meet at Hyderabad she bettered her own previous record in the long jump and bagged first place in the pentathlon. In the Inter-Varsity Meet at Banaras she became the fastest University woman sprinter and annexed the gold medals in the long jump and relays. She set up another long jump record of 5.56 M.

In the last Nationals at Madras, she ran the 400 M in record time, and set up a new record of 5.59 M in the long jump and ran a superb last lap of 4 x 400 M relay to anchor Kerala in a new National timing of 4 m. 1.6 secs. Celine was the captain of the State team for the last two years.

Celine feels that lack of devotion and systematic training is the cause of the failure of our athletes in international competitions. Celine says coaching should be continued on a long-term basis. "Most of the competitions in India are in winter. We should have them in summer too, to enable the athletes to get acclimatised to the weather conditions. We also need better facilities for participants."

Celine spends her leisure time in reading and stamp collecting. She received the University of Kerala Sports Cash Award and the N.S.O. Scholarship for three years. Celine has to her credit several awards and honours from different organisations. A graduate from Alphonsa College, Palai, Celine is now working in the K.S.E.B., Trivandrum.

M. P. Suresh

A star attraction every fortnigh

star&style

"Frankly Speaking" Devi's Domain...She makes stars more exciting than they really are. And the "Star Interviews" will leave you starry eyed. Open "Cinedak" and enter the whole world of films...You "Believe It or Nuts"—the startling happenings in the film industry. You Asked For It, now be prepared for a "Bald & Ribald" evening:

Exciting pictures, colourful blow-ups. Star scoops. And if you're looking for more, take a spin through the world of studios and stars with "Cine-Go-Round"

& Exciting features in the next issue

star&style Get your copy well in advance.

madam i'm adam

My secretary came in, took my dark glasses from the side of the telephone and put them on my blotter. She said, "The boss wants you to see somebody. He'll be with you in a minute." Then she wiggled away.

Now where was I? Oh yes, I was composing in my head a brilliant piece of satire to a plastics company, telling them I thought their plastic sheets were as strong as Sindhi papads.

* * *

The door opened and a young man walked in. He wore a bushcoat that would have made a rainbow run for the coal cellar. Very deliberately I put on my dark glasses. He handed me a note and said, "The boss said to give this to you."

On the note, the boss had written, "This young man becomes a junior executive starting next week. Make him a speech and show him the ropes. That is, if you remember how."

* * *

I said to the bushcoat, "So you're joining us next week. Great. Now open your ears and let every word I say sink in. This is a good company to work for. We've been in existence 51 years and learned every inch of the way. As an executive, it will be your business to sell, sell and sell. We don't give a damn how you do it so long as you don't dig into your briefcase for a bribe. Our products are good (I handed him a little leaflet) and practically sell themselves. But you help by pushing them along and if you can't push, you'll be out in the street peddling pencils. Do you get me?"

He said "I get you."

* * *

"Excellent," I said. "Now lemme tell you something about methods. You'll be expected to travel out of town about three times a year. The company will put you on a plane and give you a decent expense account. You can entertain now and then, but don't buy up any hotels because we won't pay. And when you get back, you better have the signature on the proper dotted line, or you'll hear from the boss — even if you're half-a-mile away. Do you get me?"

He said, "I get you."

* * *

"Next," I said, "comes internal working. Most of your colleagues are men with milk in their hearts. But the Marketing Manager eats ground glass for breakfast and if you slip up, he'll eat you too. Know anything about Marketing?"

He said, " I guess so."

"Not good enough," I snapped. "You must **know** so, or you'll wind up in a hospital bed with ulcers big enough to play football with."

He began to look nervous. I said, "Don't worry too much. You wouldn't be here if you didn't have something on the ball. Now lemme tell you about important trivia that can take you up or land you on the breadline. Punctuality! The boss is a bug for this. Mind you, he doesn't probe, but if he catches you coming in late, you'll catch Hail Columbia. You can have a beer or two for lunch but don't come back at two-thirty weaving like a motor-boat avoiding rocks. Understand?"

He said, "I understand." Talkative guy, what?

* * *

"Then," I said, "leave the ladies here alone. If you're that way inclined, take a day off and spend it with your wife or some other woman. Fraternising is frowned upon. One more thing. Wear more conventional clothes. Don't come in here looking as if you're at Mahalaxmi, pushing a golf cart. Do you read me loud and clear?"

He said, "Loud and clear."

Right on schedule, he joined us a week later. Six months after that, he proved all my advice had gone down a drainpipe. He eloped with girl number three in the typing pool.

G'bye now!

Adam

Devi

When I put my nose in Amitabh's affairs, I am branded a bitch and he bans my entire breed. When Rajesh Khanna puts his foot into Amitabh's affair, he just sprains his foot, but gets an applause. They all say, "This means Rajesh has almost come back."

"Because he is on one foot?" I asked.

"No, because he put his best foot out in 'Anchal' (starring Rekha) and sprained it, but he has Rekha to pamper him and worry about the injured foot."

BASU:
In search of dolls and delicacies

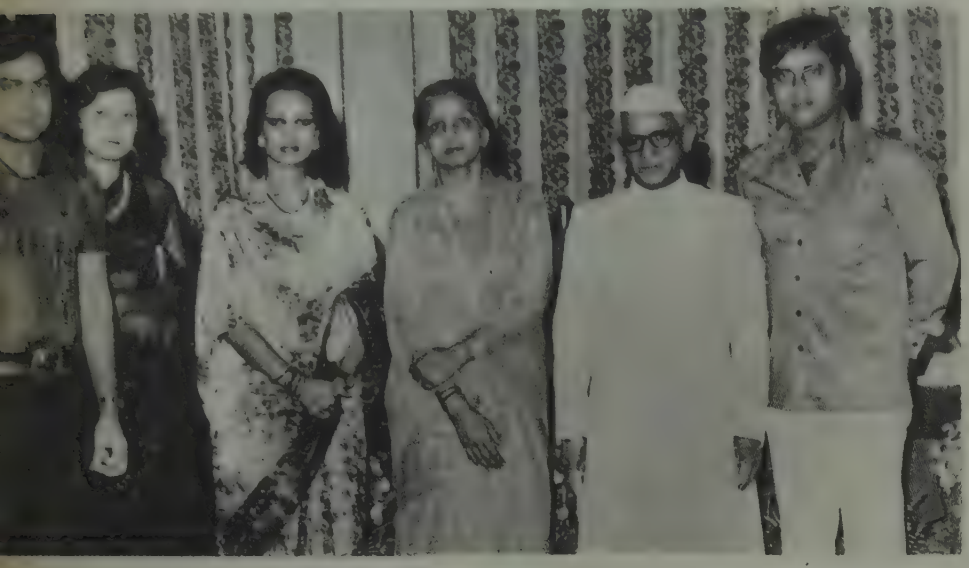
I was keen on attending Farida Jalal's wedding as well as the Mehndi. Her card had a 'hand' on it, like the Congress (I) symbol. And I had backed heavily on Indira Gandhi. Indira won, but my card was flicked by a wedding card collector, and this Pincho Kapoor, who is presently my neighbour, insisted the wedding was on Id day and the Mehndi on Id eve. Pincho is one day ahead of time. Needless to say we both landed (separately) the day after the wedding at the Taj Crystal Room to crash into a Rotary meeting with Pincho and Devi-size bouquets.

* * *

Only last year every young girl, with the nameplate 'Cine Artiste' on her door, in the strip from Bandra to Khar, received Basu Chatterjee with open arms. The early part of the night Basu hunts for 'Rajnigandhas'; the other half he spends doing justice to the food at Gazebo on Linking Road. Basu likes all his necessities spread round the corner. But now comes a crop of flops. 'Chakravyuha' is almost dumped away, 'Dillagi' is pathetic and many unfinished films cannot be finished because Basu shoots five feet and then edits four feet. The first symptom of the downhill journey of a flourishing director is these waiting-to-be-discovered 'Cine Artistes'. Now there is a "Do not disturb" sign when they see Basu round the corner

people and events

Jaswanti Vora, chairman of the Ladies' Wing of the Mulund Jaycees, hands over a gift pack to the mother of a new-born child at the Municipal Hospital, Mulund, Bombay, as part of their Community Development Programme.



ABOVE: Seen at a function held by The Gramophone Company of India Ltd., Bombay, to release HMV's new LP record by Jagjit and Chitra Singh are from left, Mr. Chander Batheja, branch mgr., HMV, Mrs. Batheja, Mrs. Chitra Singh, chief guest Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali, Mr. Sadiq Ali, Governor of Maharashtra, and Mr. Jagjit Singh.

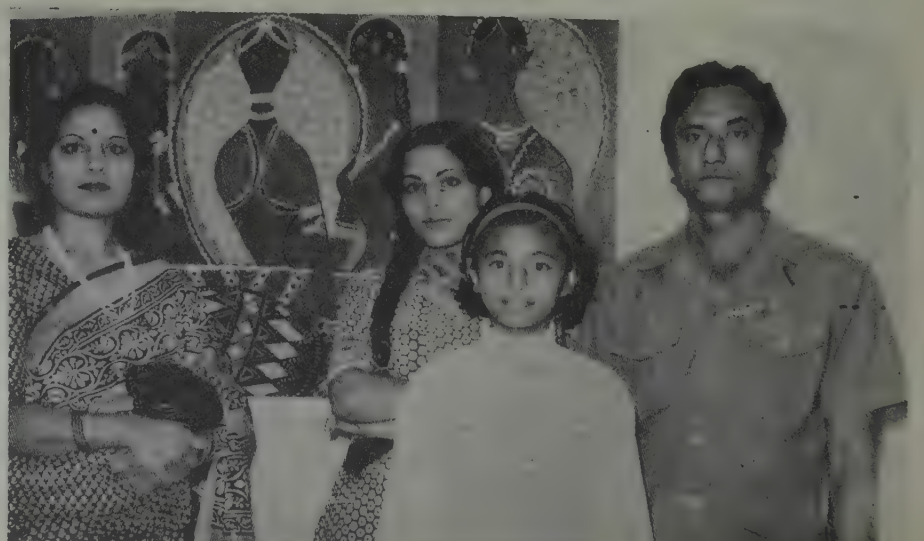
Seen at the Hamlyn/MacMillan dinner held in Bombay, are from left, Mr. U. S. Rao, deputy chief exec., Muller & Phipps, Mr. Richard Blady, export sales mgr., Hamlyn Group, (U.K.), Mr. Sharad Wasani, mng. dir., MacMillan Co. of India, Mr. Bill Dancer, sales & mktg. dir., Hamlyn Group, (U.K.), Mrs. Nalini Wasani, and Mr. Surinder Khanna, mgr., Bombay branch, MacMillans.

Mala Srivastava and Meenaxi Sundram of Kota receive the Shamshad Begum Award at the 18th Annual K. L. Saigal Memorial All-India Songs and Instrumental Music Competition held at Solan under the auspices of the All-India Artistes Association (AIAA), Simla, from Mr. Sudershan Gour, hon. secretary of AIAA.

BELOW: Members of the Pragathi Mandal, Bangalore, seen with chief guest Sudha Reddy at the cultural evening organised by them.

LEFT: Lt. Gen. D. B. Dunston, Chief of the General Staff, Australian Army, and Mrs. Dunston, being given a traditional welcome on arrival at the Welcomhotel Mughal, Agra. At extreme left is Anil Bajaj, sales manager of the Hotel. Also in the picture is Brigadier O. P. Sabharwal.

BELOW: Seen at the exhibition of paintings by Mrs. Sarla Chandra, held in Hyderabad, are from left, Mrs. Sarla Chandra, Rina Gupta, Hansa and Dr. S. Chandra.



bombay

The Natya Ballet Centre, New Delhi presented two dance dramas here recently — "Bhakta Surdas" and "Krishna Leela". Both of them were sponsored by the Sachin Shanker Ballet Unit.

Krishna Leela was the first production of the Centre, which started 18 years ago. Over 1,400 successful performances of "Krishna Leela" have been presented all over India.

"Bhakta Surdas" was presented in the Kathak style of dance with choreography by Maya Rao and music by Anil Biswas. This dance drama was first produced to commemorate the fifth centenary celebrations of Surdas.

* * *

An open one-act drama competition in Tamil will be held in January in Bombay, wherein colleges, schools, organisations and drama groups from all over India can participate.

Separate trophies for the best school play, best college play and the best play will be given, as also cash prizes for acting, direction and script.

The last date for receiving entries is December 5. For complete details write to The Secretary, Bombay Centre for the Performing Arts, 7, Rekha, R. A. Kidwai Road, Wadala, Bombay - 400 031.

* * *

An exhibition of handicraft items by Mrs. Jasoria will be held at the Cymroza Art Gallery from December 5-7. This is Mrs. Jasoria's fourth exhibition in Bombay. The items will include dolls, wall-hangings and bags.

* * *

The Hamlyn Publishing Group, one of Britain's leading publishing houses, plans to enter the Indian market on a large scale, revealed Mr. William Dancer, Marketing and Sales Director of the Group, at a press conferenee. The Group specialises in non-fiction and children's books, with emphasis on the latter. Hamlyns has been expanding in the last few years, and India is envisaged by them as a major market for children's books — both original and translations.

Mr. Dancer released "A pictorial history of Indian cinema" by Firoze Rangoonwalla at the press conference.

* * *

Hima Devi of Hima Kala Kendra recently presented one of her latest plays — "The effect of Gama Rays on Man-on-the-Moon-Marigolds." It depicts how out of an atmosphere of shame and decay, strong flowers of hope and genius spring.

The play's maiden performance was in aid of the "Society for the Care, Treatment and Training of Children in Need of Special Care."

Hima Devi will present three pantomimes on December 22, 23 and 24. The first two will be for The Society For. . . Children in Need of Special Care, and the third, for The Rajika Kirpalani Education Trust.

* * *

Noella Rao and Gita Bhatia, owners of 'Posh', Calcutta, held an exhibition-cum-sale of sarees and linen from Bengal. The items included silk and cotton Tangails, Dhanikhallis and Begampuris, along with hand-embroidered and block-printed linen.

delhi

Repu International is a consortium of young designers qualified in the field of costume-designing and experienced in designing modern jewellery. Their new range of children's garments at the AIFACS, along with a wide range of modern jewellery, attracted many viewers. Indian fabrics were used to great advantage and the unusual designs proved very popular with the buyers.

calcutta

The Duo Paradiso-Bechrucci, comprising the unusual combination of recorder/flute and guitar, gave an interesting recital of music by Bach and Handel to an appreciative audience at the Kala Mandir.

Claudio Paradiso and Bechrucci, the duo who can be said to have inaugurated the Calcutta Winter Music Season, are both very young, 18 and 21 years ald, respectively. They have done a fair amount of research and have a creditable repertoire of baroque romantic and modern composers.

bangalore

'Pragathi Mandal', the Gujarati Ladies' Association, presented an all-woman cultural evening at Ravindra Kalakshetra as their third biennial programme. The variety fare included drama, dance, garba raas and folk dances. Mrs. Vithani, president, welcomed the gathering. Mrs. Sudha Reddy was the chief guest.

hyderabad

The Max Mueller Bhavan, in collaboration with the Muslim Educational Society (Ladies Wing), held an exhibition of children's books and pictures recently. 'Over forty posters, some of them in lovely bright colours, showed the latest trends in the field in the Federal Republic of Germany.

TRUE CONFESSION

The concluding part of the True Confession titled "Mother's Lies Drove Me to Manslaughter" (Nov. 25 - Dec. 1) was inadvertently missed out. It will appear in our issue dated Dec. 9-15.

ANSWERS TO EVE'S WEEKLY QUIZ CONTEST—11

1. Saffron— sacrifice and courage.
   White—peace and truth.
   Green— faith and chivalry.
2. Robert Frost: "Stopping by woods on a snowy evening."
3. Rumania, Yugoslavia, Iran.
4. July 25, Leo.
5. U.S.S.R.
6. English and French.
7. Count Leo Tolstoy.
8. Manu of "Manusmriti" fame.
9. Mumps.
10. Madrid, capital of Spain.
11. T.B.
12. Dollar.

Miss Pushkala Raman of Madras, who sent in the first all-correct solution, wins the first prize of Rs. 50.00.

world of eve

PADMAJA VALVEKAR

"I have never wanted to stagnate." With these words Padmaja Valvekar sums up the 12 years of her life as a career woman.

Encouraged by her father to take up a technical course, Padmaja specialised in electronic instrumentation. She is now an assistant engineer with Hindustan Aeronautics, Lucknow. Though it meant leaving her husband and two daughters in Hyderabad, Padmaja accepted this transfer because she felt she had given too much of her time and energy to her career to give up a challenging opportunity like this. She hopes to join her family soon, however, and is currently living as a paying guest in Lucknow. This is also her first visit to North India.

Her mother-in-law being a radiologist herself, Padmaja faced no opposition in pursuing her career. As for her own family — Padmaja is proud of the fact that she is the first woman in it to step out of the home in such a fashion.

Padmaja and her husband are keen to make their two daughters grow up to be equally self-reliant.

ZUBEIDA THANAWALLA

Zubeida Thanawalla's forte is welfare work for women. For six years, she was the secretary of "Bagme-Khawateen", an organisation which caters to women's medical, educational and vocational needs, and offers employment guidance to them. Mrs. Thanawalla concentrates on working for women staying in Bandra, a suburb of Bombay.

A member of the Ladies' Wing of the Lions Club of Bombay, she visited the U.S. as an Experimenter in 1962 and, as a Group Leader she went to Europe in 1974.

Zubeida is a woman with multiple interests. She is interested in gardening, flower arrangement, interior decoration, as well as dress designing. She is adept at cooking Asian delicacies.

this week for you

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

If you are not too bright, healthwise, as your year opens, you'll perk up quite early in 1979. Yet, there could be a recurrence of ailment — probably because of nervous stress and strain — around mid-1979. Generally, an enjoyable and rather lucky twelve-month. There might be some domestic upheavals, either around July or right at the end of 1979 but these will have the effect of improving your circumstances. Travel, movement and change will be fortunate for you, generally; it is no time to stay in a rut. If at present unattached, an absorbing love affair could come into being either in the next few weeks or around August/September, 1979.

For the week Dec. 3 — 9, 1978

John Naylor

ARIES (Mar. 22 — April 20)

A lively influence is affecting that part of your Solar chart which concerns your love life, the social scene, friendships — all the pleasureable aspects of your activities. If you are single, hobbies and parties will throw you together with some attractive people. Minor strokes of money luck are indicated.

TAURUS (April 21 — May 21)

You might feel that your popularity is at a low ebb! On the other hand, you might be much in demand — to do odd jobs and run errands for others. It is better to try to fit in, yet to be unavailable sometimes! Try not to neglect routine tasks for yourself but, if considering changes, be careful; you won't have the right touch!

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21)

The past several weeks will have brought changes, perhaps problems, into your life. Possibly, you've lacked your usual confidence and this hasn't helped your position. An uptrend now in your affairs, and if you've not been up to the mark, healthwise, improvement soon. Yet, you'll be busy, have minor frustrations, for a few weeks yet.

CANCER (June 22 — July 23)

There will be plenty of opportunities to form new relationships but you may become involved unwisely. Try to control your emotions; you are not usually an impulsive person but could find yourself in a turmoil of feeling soon. There will be some challenges to meet both in personal and business life; see that you have some fun!

LEO (July 24 — Aug. 23)

Jupiter, the largest of the stars in the heavens and known as the bringer of luck, is in Leo for a long stay. Some excellent opportunities should come your way in the months ahead, indicating that by your 1979 birthday you will be better off financially — and status-wise. This week is romantic, sociable — and very lively.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

You will make a success of anything you attempt this week but don't be in a hurry to make changes. These could occur without too much fuss for you in a few weeks time. If there is something missing in your love life, be patient — exciting trends are on the way and you will soon find yourself in a flurry of delightful activity!

LIBRA (Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

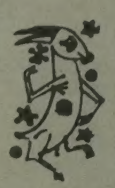
A busy week — a rather romantic one. There's a new love on the way for the single, a person of sparkling personality and charm! News of a family celebration will have you spending and a travel invitation will take you into luxurious surroundings. If ambitious, career-wise, show enthusiasm and initiative, welcome changes.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Generally, it is the new and novel you should aim for at present. The emphasis is on travel, movement and change and also on home life. Possibly all these factors will blend together in a useful way. In leisure time, lots of frivolous distraction, happy meetings, but explore news scenes for stimulating experiences.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 - Dec. 22)

It's been all go recently, and you can't count on much relaxation until the new year! However, you'll find that life is less of an effort, that endeavours of the past few weeks start to pay off nicely. You have probably accomplished something worthwhile, perhaps started a new project or adjusted your activities to advantage. Don't drift now!



CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

You are about to enter a strenuous, though fortunate, period. Plans will get a boost, so will your love life! Everything should be moving in the direction you want now; you can plan and work ahead with confidence. There is much potential for romance, if single, for new understandings, if married.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

You may be giving thought to a long-term savings scheme for future security and this will be a good thing. However, defer decisions this week unless you just have to push on. In your planning, be cautious but not nervous of your judgement. You might find yourself hard pushed for money for a period, probably because of efforts towards future security.

PISCES (Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

Whilst you must not be reckless, it is a week when you can push your luck to a certain extent, also make the most of your personal charm to get results. Make requests, ask favours, bring yourself to the front of things and be bolder in your approach. Both romance and money matters show promising trends.

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF DECEMBER 9, 1978

THE RAMAYANA CONTROVERSY

Many letters have been received — some irate, some congratulatory — in response to the article, "The Ramayana Revisited", in our Diwali issue. An interesting discussion.

CONDITIONS IN PUBLIC HOSPITALS

The September headlines about the gas gangrene scandal in a Bombay public hospital once again brought to public notice the 'cost' of 'free' medical treatment.

ABORTIONS

Visits to two public hospitals and one well-known private abortion clinic reveal a shocking picture of the callousness with which women who come for abortions are treated in the one and the very different approach adopted by the other.

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NS-CAS/1/78

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BHOR/11-C/PREM ASSOCIATES

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Way back in 1943—Bhor, a comparatively unknown village near Pune, is today humming with activity—activity that makes life for the people more cheerful, more colourful, more comfortable.

Bhor Industries Limited started with manufacture of coated fabrics used for tents, etc. Today, the product range includes FEATHER TOUCH—foam leather cloth, NATARAJ—unsupported PVC cloth and book binding cloth, MARBLEX—asbestos vinyl flooring, MURALON—wall covering and STEELGRIP—tape for insulation.

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